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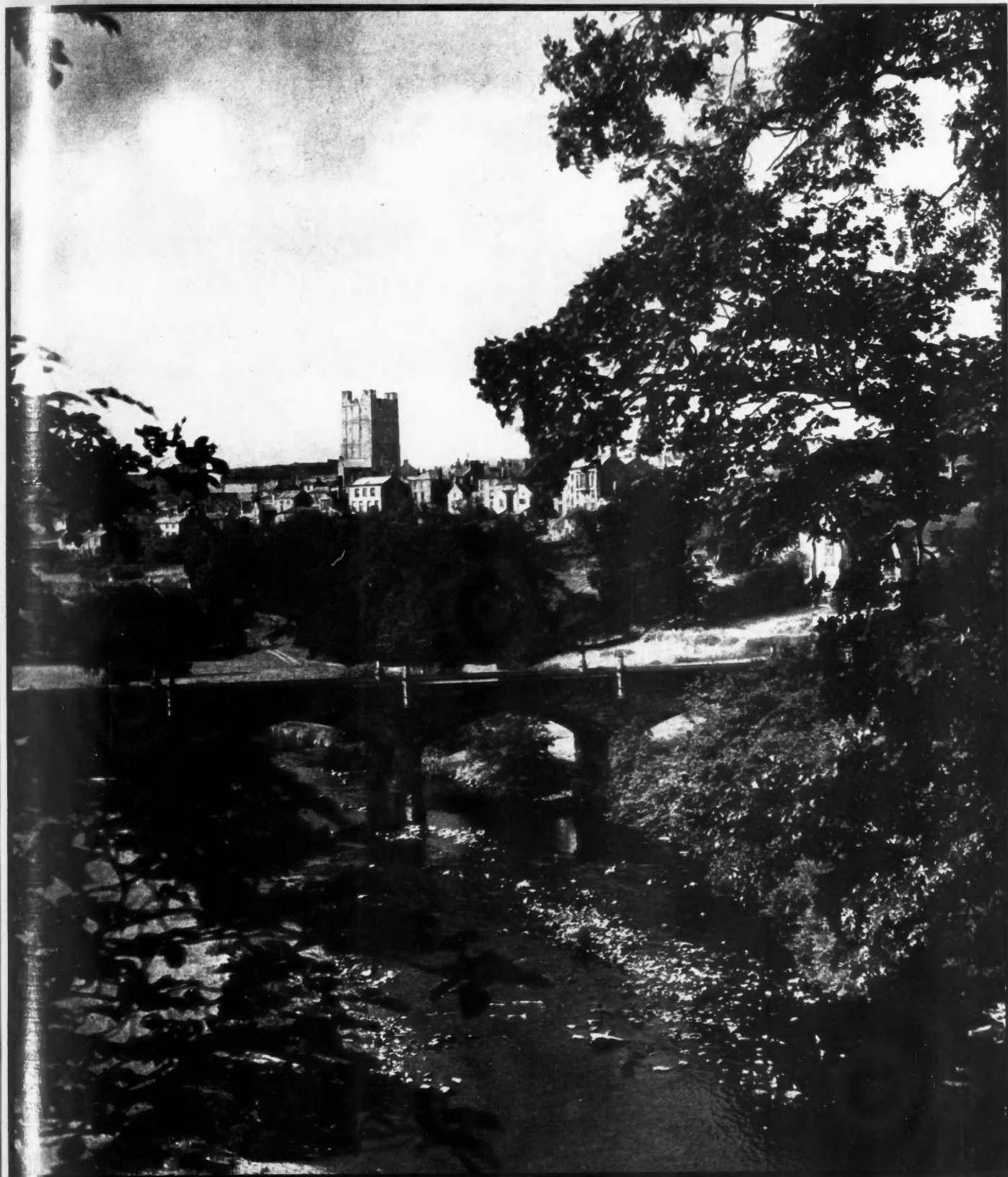
COUNTRY LIFE

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Wanted

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"TATLER" wanted regularly week after week.—MRS. PEARS, "Homewood," Clidene, Notts.

OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS ADVERTISING PAGE 666.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2518

APRIL 20, 1945



Harlip

MISS JUNE SPENCER SPRIGGS

Miss June Spriggs, the eighteen-year-old younger daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Spriggs, is now at the British Embassy, Teheran, Iran

COUNTRY LIFE

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RURAL ELECTRICITY

THE Scott Report was by no means alarmist on the subject of electricity supply in rural areas. Much remained to be done. Both light and power were essential services, but the country's admittedly unsatisfied needs could (the Committee argued) be supplied by a not too difficult reorganisation of distribution, and the parity of cost between town and country could be achieved without increasing the burden on the town. In spite of this salutary dose of common-sense, many commentators have persisted in assuming that the difficulties facing satisfactory rural supply remain as great to-day as in the case of water. It is well, therefore, to have the explicit assurance of Mr. H. W. Grimmitt in an address to the Farmers' Club that electricity is now easily available to 75 per cent. of the dwellings in rural areas and that more than 75 per cent. of the necessary engineering work has been done. As he said, though our electricity supply has not been State-subsidised as it has been in almost all other countries, the supply industry as a whole has put up a very creditable performance. It has, for instance, planned its systems to cater for all predictable electrical loads. Rural France, in spite of a capital subsidy of about 30 per cent., has little but absurdly expensive electric light to boast and if we compare two villages of equal size in France and England, the consumption in this country is nearly ten-fold the greater. Many will be surprised to hear that the use of power and light on British farms compares favourably even with the much-advertised achievement of the Tennessee Valley Authority!

That there is a good deal of room for improvement in the farmer's attitude to benefits of which he is too little conscious is evident from what Mr. Grimmitt reported of his own observations. Most farm installations appear to be improvised, and he found himself shifting sacks of seed potatoes before he could get at the plant. The fact is, of course, that few present-day farm buildings are suitable for such plant. Before the war there was no capital to make them so, and now there is neither material nor labour. It must, of course, be realised that individual supplies to isolated farms are not very attractive as financial propositions to the suppliers, and that farming areas, for this reason, vary greatly in their possibility of providing attractive remuneration for the electrical developers. It is often said that the industry has so far been mainly engaged in "skimming the cream," and Mr. Grimmitt did not attempt to deny that most of what is now left for development would be, if treated on its own, definitely unprofitable. The question he asked was: "Can it be developed without a subsidy?" First of all, however, he made two pertinent and material points. If

adjustments have to be made when the country reverts to peace-time production, the unit price may be increased rather than diminished. And, further, with the post-war shortage of labour it may well take a rural undertaking which has to-day done 75 per cent. of its work something like ten years to catch up with the 25 per cent. which has been neglected as unprofitable. These are formidable obstacles to popularisation and rapid development.

Mr. Grimmitt thinks that what is needed is more active co-operation between farmers, the electrical associations, and the agricultural implement manufacturers. He calls attention to the success of the U.S.A. Rural Electrical Administration which surveys electrically undeveloped areas and encourages the formation of "Farmers' Co-operatives." The R.E.A. sets out the scheme, arranges the bulk purchase of electricity from the nearest supply point, designs the overhead lines and sub-stations, and finally sends engineers to teach the farmers how to run the undertaking. New buildings should be designed for the plant to be installed—not made to house the plant as an after-thought. The farmer must also keep an open and receptive mind with regard to the uses of electricity, especially in the way of hay and grain drying. The best contribution to effective co-operation which the electrical industry could make to-day would be to produce, through its associations, a uniform method of arriving at an annual farm-service charge and after that a standard form of tariff.

ORCHARD IN SPRING

YEAR after year, in this englamoured glade
Of blossom-burdened boughs, I'm moved to say
If I could choose, if I could have my way,
If I could win by some perverse endeavour,
Never again should all this beauty fade
Nor this young bloom in dust of death be laid . . .
Here should Time's clock be stopped, Time's cruel
course stay
And Earth's bright prime of Spring endure forever.

And even while I speak, the destined flower,
Conscious of innate immortality,
From its superfluous outer cloak breaks free,
From its too-mortal mask makes haste to sever.
At the trees' feet, the pale shreds find a place,
While on the unhampered bough there grows apace
That flower matured which holds the flowers to be,
—The fruit, wherein the flower's renewed forever.

G. M. HORT.

CRICKET IS COMING

THE cuckoo may be heard almost any day now; perhaps for some fortunate listener he has already "oped his bill," and cuckoos suggest with a happy inevitableness the opening of cricket. As far as Europe is concerned at any rate it may be predicted that this will be the last season of war-time and it will bring cricket played with far lighter hearts than for six years. There will be no county championship, of course, nor will that knock-out tournament between the counties, the proposal for which has been on the whole very gladly received, come into being; but there will be games of a pleasant and not too solemn international flavour, since we are to see players from Australia, South Africa and the West Indies. They may give a foretaste of those Test Matches which still seem very far away. It is a little difficult to remember that if there had been no war—a big if indeed—the M.C.C. would have sent a team to Australia in the Autumn of 1940, the time of the Battle of Britain, and in 1942 the Australian invaders in their green caps would have been here. The future must needs be hid, but it seems likely that those old plans may have to be reversed and that our first serious international cricket in this country may be as it was in 1919, against an Australian Imperial Forces eleven. That would be very welcome, and meanwhile lovers of the game will settle contentedly down to one more season in which cheerful risks will be taken and it does not matter too much who wins.

THE TOWER AND THE PALACE

"TOWER HILL is a lost inheritance," said the late Lord Wakefield when the Tower Hill Improvement Trust was founded in 1934 with the object of increasing the open space available for public and children's use adjoining the Tower of London. The Trust has already cleaned up Tower Beach and opened up a section of London Wall, and now has issued a revised plan for forming 7 acres of garden along the north moat, stretching 350 yards from All Hallows Church to the Mint. It also involves the demolition of blitzed property and warehouses encroaching on the area which, if they are rebuilt, will postpone indefinitely the realisation of this much needed improvement. Though it improves on the Corporation's plan for this area in providing a larger garden running to the edge of the moat, instead of being surrounded by roads, the project needs revision. The traffic junction with Tower Bridge Approach, as shown, would not work, and to rob Trinity House of its forecourt, bringing arterial traffic to its very front, would be detrimental to an historic building. The scheme for making better use of another of London's open spaces, the 184 acres of Alexandra Palace, is in a somewhat different category. But even those who are unlikely to avail themselves of the gregarious recreations contemplated would agree that here and at the Crystal Palace are opportunities for providing London with finely conceived and designed modern entertainment centres. The capital has hitherto lacked such up-to-date facilities, and the two Palaces should co-ordinate their policy, not become rivals.

RESEARCH AND THE FARMER

FARMERS as individuals are often impatient of official activities which have as their object the collection of data and information through surveys and censuses. Some still need to be convinced that such methods quite often bring to light information which can be used immediately for increasing production. An excellent example is given by Dr G. D. H. Bell in the most useful *Guide to Agricultural Research* published in the current issue of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. The Survey of Fertiliser Practice, which was instituted in 1942 in order to discover how far manuring practice was being suited to soil and crop needs, at once disclosed the fact that many farmers were quite unaware of the well-ascertained fact that newly ploughed pastures are apt to be more deficient in phosphates than old arable. As a result they had been treating new and old arable alike. The Survey showed a marked association between phosphatic manuring and yield in areas where pastures had been ploughed out during the war, and those responsible for it calculate that the potential loss of crops as a result of serious phosphate deficiency in the country as a whole amounts to a cash value of between five and ten million pounds.

CARS OF MANY COLOURS

EVEN the ill wind of war can occasionally blow somebody good, and that in curious ways. It appears that the British Colour Council and the paint manufacturers have to devise colours that should not fade under the Far Eastern sun for the camouflaging of tanks and other military vehicles, and that now these fadeless hues will enure for the benefit of our cars at home. The poet Tickell described the dames of Britain parading Kensington Gardens in their gay clothes as "a moving tulip bed," and the description may soon apply to our cars on the road, for Tulip Leaf is the name of one of these new colours. They are very seductive names, if having occasionally a rather vague beauty. Japonica Pink, Gorse Gold and Rush Rose are simple enough, but Autumn Mist leaves something to the imagination, and what can Glamour Aqua be? It has rather the sound of a teetotal beverage. At the present moment most people will be perfectly content with their old cars and old colours, however dingy they may seem, if only they can get enough petrol to run them. But the time will doubtless come when they yearn to make them "colourful" and even "glamorous."

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THE season of the harvest bug is a long way ahead, but some people like to anticipate their troubles and meet them on the road, and I am seeking information on a pest about which little seems to be known, but which in certain seasons and in certain places can make life almost unbearable. The points about which I am uncertain are whether the tiny insect is local in its habitat, if its visitations are intermittent with good years for harvest bugs and bad, and if the presence of corn fields is really essential to its existence. One of my schoolboy recollections is spending the summer holidays annually with a grandmother in Sussex, and here the harvest bug was a very real pest. Everybody in the house, particularly the womenfolk, suffered badly: there were sleepless nights owing to the irritation of the red angry blotches, which arose on every part of the body; skin trouble through incessant scratching; and the female face, which in the 'nineties was not helped out by cosmetics if one was "nice to know," was disfigured to such an extent that the suffering owners could not appear in public. In those days the anti-midge lotion had not been invented by the fishing-tackle specialists, no ointments or dressings seemed to alleviate the irritation and rich colouring of the bumps, and the harvest bug had to be endured until his season ended.

At that time the harvest bug was supposed to hatch out in the ripe corn, and I remember being shown tiny orange mites in the ears which I was told were the insects in the early stage of their lives before they turned carnivorous.

* * *

SINCE those early days of cutaneous irritation I have been so occupied with the work of the Oriental culex and anopheles mosquitoes, the sand-fly, the jigger flea and other burdens of life that I had almost overlooked the harvest bug, and it has now occurred to me that of recent years I have stayed in many houses surrounded by corn fields, and in fact live in one now, but I have not experienced any attacks nor have I heard anyone complain of bites from harvest bugs.

I was reminded of the bug and his evil work the other day when I visited some friends, who since the war have acquired in central Dorset a small manor house. Everything is ideal from the oak-panelled rooms and staircase within the old stone walls to the sub-tropical garden without, but there is one serious drawback. Although there is not a corn field within half a mile of the house I was told that the harvest bug made life a burden in August and September, and that an exodus was contemplated during those months in the coming year if the pest persisted. I was asked if I could throw any light on the subject, or make helpful suggestions, but regret that I was unable to come up to the erudite standard expected of me.

* * *

It is now many years since the book, *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*, caused something of a sensation in this country, and ran into many editions in consequence. I have just had the opportunity to read a book on somewhat similar lines, which so far is only published in India in aid of the St. Dunstan's branch for blinded Indian soldiers. This is *The Man-Eaters of Kumaon* by Jit Corbett, who is a major in the Indian Army



F. A. Girling

THE ARABLE LAND OF HIGH SUFFOLK: SAXTEAD LITTLE GREEN

Reserve of Officers, and who apparently was not only born in the jungle, but has devoted a goodly part of his life to big-game shooting.

The book describes the killing of several well-known man-eating tigers, who during the last 30 years or so have terrorised various villages in that part of the United Provinces, which is bounded by Nepal to the east and lies between Naini Tal and Bareilly. Until I read this book I had no idea that the tiger was still such a menace to village life in India, and, when one learns that over a period of about five years one tigress was responsible for 436 deaths, that the cultivators in the area had been afraid to leave their houses after dark and had moreover to go about their ordinary work in the fields in large parties, one realises the necessity for the removal of the scourge at all costs. This by the way cannot be carried out by any ordinary man sitting up in a *machan*, or by a drive through the jungle towards an armed party, for a man-eater with this ghastly record has had innumerable escapes from slug-loaded shot guns, as well as high-velocity rifles, and is not taking any chances. The killing of a beast of this calibre calls for days, sometimes weeks, of careful stalking by an expert in jungle craft, which comprises knowledge of the reactions to the tiger of every beast and bird in the undergrowth, which take the form of special call notes, and the ability to hit in a vital spot when the rare fleeting opportunity occurs. Major Corbett's knowledge of the subject is brought home to one when he describes how he heard a small karker deer calling the tiger warning. Then there was silence after which the karker barked again, but this time ended on a note of enquiry—proof that the tiger had moved on and was no longer visible. I wonder how long one must live in the jungle before one can detect a note of enquiry in a deer's call.

* * *

I DO not know under what bushel Major Corbett has been hiding his light, as this is the first book I have read from his pen. I hope to come across many more, for this is one of the most thrilling books I have ever read, and some of the descriptions of walking through dense jungle at dusk with the certain knowledge that the man-eater was stalking the stalker caused the hairs to rise along my scalp—and the last time that happened to me the hairs were very much thicker than they are to-day.

Major Corbett is entirely averse to the elimination of tigers, for he has apparently a warm affection for the animals, if they behave

themselves. His view, which all his experiences confirm, is that no tiger or tigress takes up man-eating unless it is so disabled by age or wounds as to be unable to catch and kill wild animals. Quite a number of the worst man-eaters he encountered and shot had been driven off the paths of righteousness through carelessness when killing a porcupine, with the resulting spines embedded in the flesh and causing suppurating wounds. I understand that the book is to be published by the Oxford University Press in this country.

* * *

WITH regard to the porcupine and his quills, there is always a certain amount of doubt as to how the animal delivers his attack, and manages in a split second to let fly into his enemy a veritable barrage of spines of varying lengths and sizes.

A friend of mine a few years ago obligingly cleared up the mystery, as she figured in a demonstration in which a porcupine in the Cairo Zoological Gardens showed exactly how the trick is done. She had taken some children to the Zoo, and at the porcupine enclosure, which is surrounded by a low iron railing, they noticed a number of black and white quills suitable for pen-holders lying on the ground. As the three or four porcupines in the pen were all so extremely friendly and forthcoming, willing to eat anything offered them in their desire to please, there was apparently nothing to fear from them, and my friend stepped over into the enclosure to collect a few quills. One of the porcupines came forward in a confiding manner to greet her, grunting a welcome, and he looked so much like a well-behaved dog that she stood still as he sidled up to her legs. When he was about three feet away he jumped sideways and all his spines, which were lying flat on his back in what is known in the Army as the "slope position," suddenly shot forward with a loud rattle into the "present," or, more accurately, the first point in the bayonet exercise, no fewer than eight of the quills embedding themselves into the calf of my friend's leg, and five completely transfixing it.

Apparently the belief that the spines are fired like arrows is due to the attack being so rapid and so concentrated for, not only does the porcupine drive home the long quills from his back, but also a special bunch of short thick ones which he grows on an excrescence by the tail. It is on record that some man-eating tigers have been shot with no fewer than fifty quills deeply embedded in the flesh.

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XII

RICHMOND, CAPITAL OF SWALEDALE

By G. BERNARD WOOD

DOMINATED by its magnificent castle, the Yorkshire Richmond has often been likened to a typical Rhineland scene or to some romantic spot in Italy; for Swinburne it evoked memories of Toledo. But, as with so many other fine old towns, it is best to regard Richmond on its own merits; comparisons tend to limit its individual appeal.

The Richmond neighbourhood is rooted in two ancient "civilisations." Applegarth, two miles to the west of the town retains its British camp, while the earthwork known as Scots Dyke on the north-east is thought to have marked a boundary between two Celtic kingdoms. Later, the Romans, despite scant evidence on the point, probably used the strategic advantages of Richmond's massive rock which rises almost perpendicularly on the north bank of the River Swale; the more probably as their camp at Caractonium, the forerunner of Catterick, was only six miles to the south-east.

It is with the coming of the Normans, however, that Richmond begins to take historic shape. At the Conquest the wide domain of the Saxon Earl, Edwin of Northumbria,



THE BRIDGE OVER THE SWALE AND BILLY BANKS WOOD, FROM CASTLE WALK



THROUGH CORNFORTH BAR

was confiscated and given to Alan Rufus, a kinsman of Norman William, and, in 1071, Alan, finding Edwin's manor of Gilling unsuitable for defence, proceeded to build his castle in the newly named Rich-mont (strong hill). The great rectangular keep was raised in 1146 by Conan, the fourth Norman Earl, and the castle became so formidable, being protected on three sides by its precipitous elbow of rock and on the fourth by Conan's keep, that it assumed no spectacular rôle in history. There is no record of its ever having been sieged, but it has imprisoned several notabilities, including William the Lion, King of Scotland, David Bruce and Constance of Brittany.

Legend has cast its spell upon the place, for one is told of a hidden chamber beneath the castle where Arthur and his knights lie asleep until England needs their prowess again. A passage leading from the Castle Walk to this chamber was once found, so they say, by one Potter Thompson, but he could never locate the place again!

During the overlordship of Alan and his near successors, all of them natives of Brittany, numbers of Breton families came to Richmond in the wake of their masters and settled in the small township which grew up within the shadow of the castle's stern, grey walls. An old rhyme catches the spirit of that immigration:

Each came out of Brittany,
With his wife Tiffany,
And his maid Mangras,
And his dog Hardigras.

A walk through Richmond to-day will at one or two points recall those Breton settlers. Chiefly in Frenchgate, the town's finest street, which denotes the part of Richmond where the "overflow" of Bretons lived when the castle precincts could accommodate no more. Largely rebuilt in the eighteenth century, Frenchgate swings downhill from the north in a graceful sweep before climbing through a narrow portion—christened the Great Channel, with a real feeling for local geography—to the Market Place.

Leland's description of the town when he says "Richmond is paved" (meaning cobbled) applies more or less generally even to-day. For it is not only the spacious Market Place which is rendered picturesque, if uncomfortable, in this way. Bargate, Newbiggin and part of Rosemary Lane cause the stranger to step along carefully, also, but in the Market Place there are concessions in the form of narrow, macadamised strips which link up various corners with the quaint block of buildings in the centre. Natives of Richmond are very proud of their cobbled ways; one has heard that a certain individual had his application for the post of borough engineer rejected immediately it was learned that his first town-improvement scheme would be the abolition of the cobbles! Hundreds of partly sunken cobbles were re-set in 1943.

That central block of buildings is an interesting study in contrasts, of which mediæval towns were full but most have been "improved" away. Holy Trinity Church, originally built about 1150, stands at the west end; Corporation offices abut on the south



RICHMOND CASTLE AND TOWN



MARKET PLACE, WITH THE TOWER OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH AND THE MARKET CROSS (A GEORGIAN OBELISK), FROM THE CASTLE KEEP



THE COBBLED MARKET PLACE

The central block of buildings round Holy Trinity Church, and the 17th-century King's Head Inn

(Right) FRENCHGATE. The colouring is grey ranging to purple and yellow

side while shops are actually built into the "north aisle." The interior has been considerably restored, but curfew is still rung daily (in peace-time) from the 15th-century tower, which is now separated from the nave so as to form the town belfry. The eastern portion of this block comprises shop and house property whose 18th-century aspect adds a further touch of incongruity to what must surely be one of the most curious architectural jumbles in England.

Another 18th-century feature is the Market Cross taking the form of an obelisk. In 1771 it supplanted a cross enclosed by a six-feet-high wall, where butter and produce were sold and where criminals were publicly flogged. Curious old-world hostelries that still look out upon the Market Place seem to bridge the centuries since those days; there are shops, too, which from the more recent times of Dickens's social outcries, could tell of overworked, underfed 'prentice boys sleeping exhausted beneath the counter.

Dr. Whitaker's words in his great history of Richmondshire, when he wrote that the town was "never visited by the ever-restless and encroaching spirit of manufactories . . ." are still largely true. Even the advent of the railway last century has left Richmond unspoilt. From early times the town's prosperity depended mainly on its market, which served a very wide area. As Whitaker says: "Richmond consisted of many burgesses, wealthy merchants, artificers, victuallers, and other substantial inhabitants, so that many strangers . . . not only from the adjacent country, but from the counties of Lancaster, Cumberland and Westmorland, were wont to resort thither with merchandise, grain, victuals and other goods every Saturday . . . the burgesses . . . collected the greater part of the fee-farm rent due to them . . . out of tolls

paid by the said merchants, carriers, etc." Later, when market charters were granted to surrounding towns, such as Masham, Middleham and Barnard Castle, Richmond's supremacy was somewhat shaken; yet there was evidently a sufficient measure of "trade recovery," coupled with the town's growing importance as the social centre of Richmondshire, to account for the numerous architectural signs of Georgian affluence which survive in so many of the quaint streets.

Among the delightful labyrinth of streets and alleys either radiating from, or careering

behind the Market Place and down to the river, are several which date to mediæval times. One of these ways, a short cobbled track which precipitates one into Bargate, is spanned by a gateway, Cornforth Bar, surviving from the old town wall. Finkle Street has been "tamed"; it runs between the Market Place and Rosemary Lane, whose name has been attributed to the mountain plant *Rosmarinum*, or *Andromeda* ("being chained to rocky places"), which seems to have thrived hereabouts at one time. The narrowest way of all is Friars' Wynd; it passes through a postern gate of the old town wall and leads direct from the Market Place to Greyfriars Tower.

Leland speaks thus of the Franciscan friary: "At the bakke of the Frenchgate ys the Grey Freres, a litel withouten the waulles. This howse, meadowe, or yard and a litel wood is waulled yn. Ther ys a conlute of water at the Grey Freres, else ther ys no in Richemont."

It seems that the townsfolk of Richmond were allowed to draw from this well in return for the friar's use of the wynd that now bears their name. Ralph FitzRandolph, Lord of Middleham, founded the church



of Grey Friars in 1258, hoping that the friars "might please the people with their miracle plays and homely sermons." Later a satire on the Richmond friars was written in the form of a ballad, *The Felon Sowe of Rokeby*. It tells how a friar of Richmond could be relied upon to fight as readily for a good fat bacon-pig as would any secular knight for the life of a boar.

Nothing of the original friary remains. The present tower, graceful and richly designed, is probably Yorkshire's finest architectural gem of the period (fifteenth-century). It was to have



THE THEATRE ROYAL, FROM THE STAGE

An unique Georgian theatre of Restoration type. The pit floor was originally 5-6 ft. lower



Photographs by courtesy National Buildings Record

SOUTH SIDE OF TRINITY CHURCH BLOCK

Comprising Corporation Offices, nave of Church, houses and shops



GREY FRIARS TOWER

Into this world, as strangers to an inn,
This infant came guest-wise, where when 't had
been,
And found no entertainment worth her stay,
She only broke her fast and went away.

The other noteworthy monument is a table-stone in the churchyard; it recalls the remarkable story of Robert Willance who, while out horse-riding one day, found himself suddenly enveloped in mist on the edge of Whitcliffe Scar. The horse plunged over the precipice to its death, but Willance survived with a broken leg, which had to be amputated. The leg was buried by itself in Richmond churchyard. Willance continued his prosperous career as a merchant of Richmond and had three stones set up on Whitcliffe Scar to represent the three leaps which his horse had taken before the final plunge. Two of the stones bear the words: "1606, Glory be to our merciful God who miraculously preserved me from the danger so great." Ten years later Willance died, whereupon his severed leg was disinterred and buried alongside its owner!

The most remarkable building in Richmond, from one point of view, is the tiny Theatre

the proscenium with its balconies, a tier of boxes with the gallery tier over it running round the three sides of the auditorium, and the original pay-box at the entrance behind the auditorium. The floor of the stage is also intact, but at present is continued forward to the ring of boxes. Mr. Richard Southern, who has done so much towards the restoration of Richmond's theatre, has recently proved (*Architectural Review*, January, 1945) that the auditorium floor (now covering cellars) is relatively modern and that originally the floor of the auditorium was some 5 ft. lower, forming the pit below the level of the box tier and the stage. In visualising the original appearance, therefore, it is necessary to imagine the lower floor and to replace the parapet of the central box at the back of the auditorium removed when the pit was filled in. A model of this unique theatre figured in the exhibition on the history of the English theatre at the Royal Academy.

With its unparalleled glories of river, crag and woodland, Richmond has had a wonderful setting for its historic scenes and personalities; by rehabilitating its historic little theatre Richmond has in a unique way fused past with present.



(Left) HILL HOUSE. Home of Frances I'Anson, reputed Lass of Richmond Hill



By courtesy National Buildings Record

(Middle) APPROACH TO CASTLE WALK FROM MARKET PLACE



(Right) GEORGIAN HOUSE IN BARGATE

(Below) HUTTON MONUMENT. In the Parish Church

been the glory of a new Franciscan church, but the Dissolution intervened.

Beautifully situated beside the Swale, one mile east of Richmond, Easby Abbey was founded for the Premonstratensians in 1152 by Roald, a Constable of Richmond Castle. At the Dissolution the fabric was ravaged, but the choir stalls with their misereres were rescued and set up in the Church of St. Mary, now Richmond Parish Church, where they still remain.

The Parish Church was largely restored last century, but at the west end of the nave there are Norman pillars and arches to remind one of the 12th-century church which the Breton settlers would see. Two monuments commemorating bygone worthies also claim one's attention. Sir Timothy Hutton of Marske, Swaledale—son of the Archbishop of York (1535)—is seen with his lady and their twelve children on the south wall of the sanctuary. The costume is of the early seventeenth century and below each of the children a rhymed inscription is given. Two of those who died in infancy are thus commemorated:

I liv'd, I dy'd, yet one could hardly know,
I dy'd so soon, whether I liv'd or no;
What a happy thing it is to lie
In th' nurse's arms a week or 2 & die.

Royal in Friars' Wynd which has been termed "a monument of first—indeed unique—importance" in that it is the nearest surviving approximation to an unspoilt Georgian theatre. In the Middle Ages the Friars had given the people *Noah and the Flood* and such like; Samuel Butler, an actor-manager, who opened the Theatre Royal on September 2, 1788, gave the Georgian society of Richmondshire Shakespeare, starring such players as Kean and Macready when they were on tour, while several local companies produced popular farces and comedies ranging from *Heir at Law* to *How to Die for Love*.

After a century of neglect, during which the building was used as an auctioneer's warehouse and latterly as a war-time salvage depot, the theatre has itself been salvaged, and, to mark the 850th anniversary of Richmond's enfranchisement as a borough, it was re-opened for Shakespearean performances in 1943 and again in 1944.

The second oldest in the country (that at Bristol is believed to be the oldest, though so altered as to have lost some of its original character), Richmond's Theatre Royal is, but for one fundamental alteration, a complete specimen of a Georgian playhouse retaining most of the features of the Restoration theatre. There are



RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

Written and Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS

MEMORIA minuerit, nisi eam exerceas (your power of recollection will wax feeble unless you exercise it). Although fairly well exercised, mine has already waxed feeble, since by deliberate thought I cannot recall much that has interested or pleased me. Yet certain sounds, sights and scenes sometimes bring back long-forgotten scenes.

For example, to me, and I imagine to most of the older generation of Londoners, a double blast on a whistle will recall the clop-clop of hooves (sometimes galloping) as two hansom cabs from opposite directions raced for the job, pulling up with slithering of shoes and a burst of language, each claiming first arrival and the fare as theirs! (Fig. 3). Sometimes in the very late 'nineties it would be a race between a hansom and the new taxi. If the latter arrived first, the hansom-cab driver, after telling the chauffeur what he thought of him, would drive disconsolately away with a final "Yah! Sparrow starver!"

Again, perhaps because (with the exception of ladies' dresses!) fashions change slowly, one never notices they have changed until something recalls the past. Take, for instance, a minor fashion in horses' tails. In COUNTRY LIFE Correspondence columns there was a letter (July 31, 1942) on the origin of the word cocktail, in which the writer rightly concluded that a picture entitled *Shaking off the Cocktails* had nothing to do with alcohol, "but means that the better thoroughbred horses are leaving the inferior ones of mixed blood behind." (Henley's *Dictionary of Slang* gives cocktail as underbred, wanting in form—chiefly of horses.)

Now until I read that letter I had forgotten that the first horses I owned myself were cocktails, as indeed were almost all the hunters and the carriage horses of the 'nineties. I recently came across an old sketch I made with the North Cotswold during Captain MacNeil's mastership, about 1902, and all the staff are on cocktails, as also are the hunt servants in a

photograph of the Quorn at Keyham, dated 1905. This latter is curious, as Lord Lonsdale mounted his servants on chestnut T.B.s all with bang tails (1893-98), but from 1898 to 1905 I think Captain Burns Hartopp was Master, so presumably cock-tailed horses even in the shires remained in fashion some time after the advent of "the Yellow man" (so called from his well-known yellow-wheeled carriages).

Fashions in everything connected with the horse have changed countless times; a study of the works of Alken, Ferneley, Wolstenholme and Sir Francis Grant will show how. Often the shape of the tails has altered. Roughly summarised, 1780 to 1800 shows hunters with crop ears and a half-length tail. 1820-27 was the period of the real cocktail (the shape of a game-cock's tail) and often "nicked" to ensure a high carriage. By 1850 tails were long again, almost the modern bang tail (but not, of course, "pulled," as was the recent fashion). Concurrently with the latter were always some cocktails, which by the 'nineties seem to have been the fashion again, but now, except for hackneys and a few heavy-weight hunters, this fashion has been abandoned (fortunately for the horse when turned out to grass in the Summer).

The other day at a National Farmers' Union

meeting, an old boy got up and said, in relation to some ploughing matter that had cropped up: "Well, anyway, gentlemen, I think you will have to admit that I have had longer experience than any of you, for I started ploughing as a boy with an ox team." Everyone in the room mentally began to reckon up his years. Well, he was an old man, but he need not have been, for, now the subject has been recalled to mind, I can remember seeing ox teams at work down to the last war in Sussex, the Cotswolds and Wiltshire, in the latter county almost up to the commencement of this. The use of oxen for draught and ploughing will, of course, have

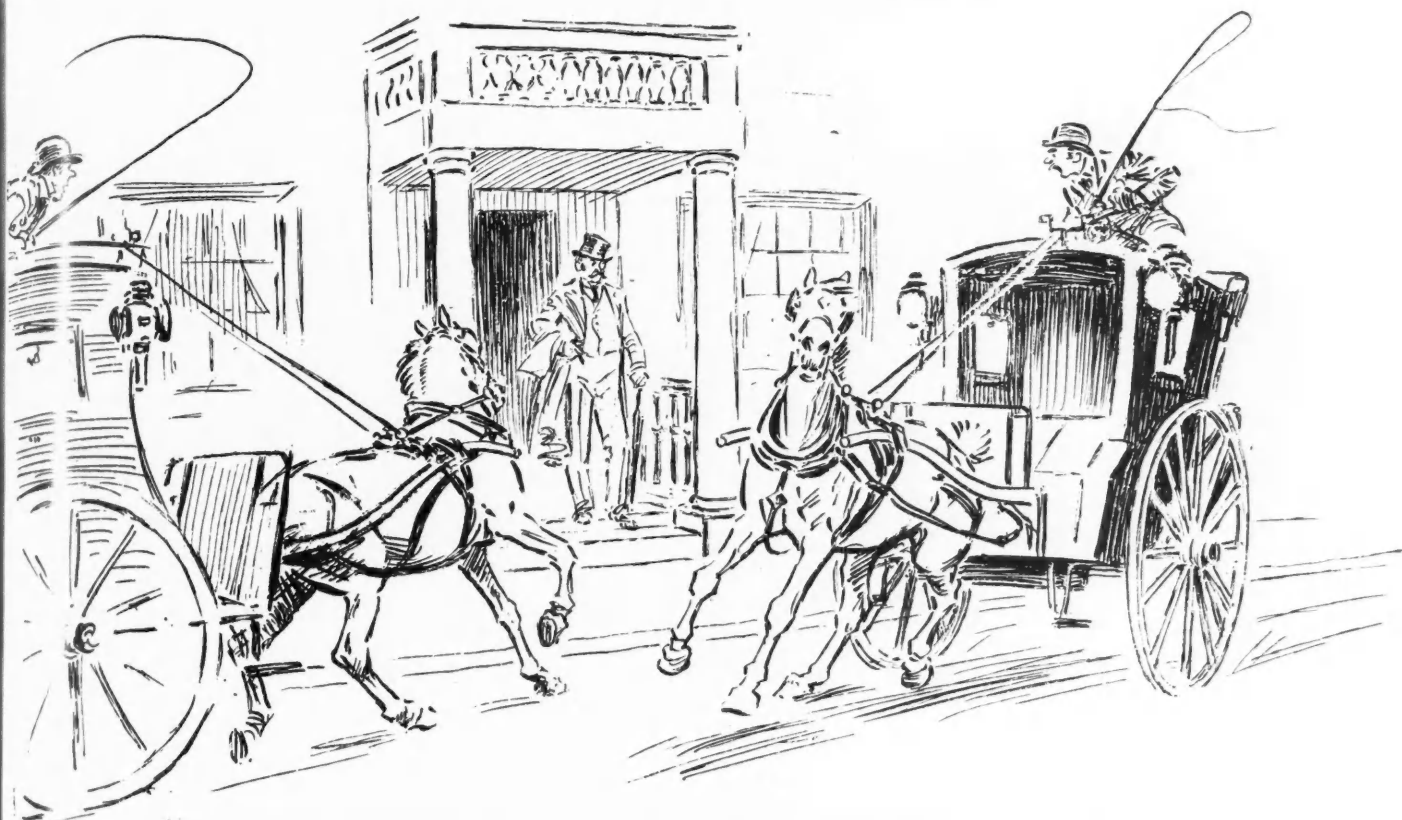


1.—THE TRANSFER OF THE LETTER-BAG USUALLY REQUIRED MUCH BADINAGE



2.—THE "MILK BAR" IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

The old lady sold milk, "warm from the cow," by the glass



3.—TWO HANSOM CABS FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS RACED FOR THE JOB

become a common sight to our soldiers overseas, but only the other day I was astonished to see in this country a soldier on the Great North Road leading a Jersey bull in a cart. I hadn't time to stop, but my impression was that the cart (a *tumbrel*) contained camp-swill.

On my relating this to our jobbing gardener he volunteered the information that in his youth he had been a "bum carter" himself. I presumed this to be a derogatory term, but "Willum" (aged 73) explained it as follows. He started life on the land at the age of thirteen with an ox plough, in the county of Wiltshire. The "plough" of oxen there consisted of three bullocks, worked tandem, or rather "unicorn" (one at the lead and two wheel oxen). They wore collars which opened at the top, and had a head-collar and lead (not being yoked, as in Sussex). It is an interesting detail, which shows accurate observation on his part, that the traces, which of course were chains, owing to the greasy nature of the oxhide never became rusty as do those of plough horses. The oxen worked well, being especially good on very heavy land, except in Summer, when the "stoats" (local name for horsefly) drove them frantic, and with tail in air they were apt to bolt, plough and all, into the nearest hedge or wood.

At noon the oxen lay down in their harness and chewed the cud while the men ate their dinners. These oxen had no extra feed to the grass on which they were turned out, except in Winter. Consequently they were economical, and they also sold well for beef. But they were too slow in work for the more progressive farmers. Hence the gradual abandonment of the "plough" of oxen for horse teams. The ox driver was called a bum carter and the oxen bums in Wiltshire. The ploughman rode his oxen home after work sitting on their tail ends (as a donkey is usually ridden).

On this same farm they also worked a bull in harness, leading him in an ordinary head-collar. When the law came in that bulls must be ringed he became a real handful, and when eventually sent for sale, cleared Messrs. Wooley's yard in Salisbury in no time! Yet so long as no one attempted to lead him by the nose he was perfectly quiet.

Not that William is the only one I have come across familiar with plough oxen, for I remember an old countryman in Hampshire

saying to a local auctioneer (making a farm valuation): "When I was a bit lad I remember faither ploughed this yeer ground wi oxen, then I ploughed 'un with 'osses, and now my son he ploughs 'un wi a tractor. 'Us manured 'un wi dung, but now they'm use they artificials."

"Ah, great changes! Everything's changed," said the auctioneer.

"Noa," he replied, "land bain't changed, and gives same number of bushels to acre as it allus did, no more and no less!"

These remarks greatly annoyed the owner of the farm, who by mechanisation and general up-to-dateness prided himself on being one of those who had revolutionised local agriculture.

Again the past stepped into the present quite recently when a firm advertising some beef product procured a travelling poster, or rather hoarding, in the form of an ox cart. This arrived in our village and the driver requested the local blacksmith to shoe his cattle. This fairly flummoxed our very up-to-date smith, who never had seen oxen shod, or even an ox shoe! But the driver produced the latter from the back of the cart and then proceeded to show the smith how to put them on. So if anyone wants an ox shod, apply to me and I'll pass it on to the right quarters!

I am not an *habitué* of the modern milk bar, preferring something stronger, but that is another thing which reminds me of the past. I had forgotten that years ago there was in St. James's Park a "milk bar" kept by an old lady who had a cow tethered at the stall and on request sold milk by the glass "warm from the cow" (Fig. 2). That there must have been many more cows somewhere in the background was proved by the size of her bar, and the fact that I saw a man unloading churns at her stall, which I passed on most mornings on my way to work. The old lady, whose name I never knew, apparently had a permit for her shop direct from the Crown. The booth had, I believe, a long history, but I presume the appointment was not renewed, as this, a forerunner of the modern milk bar, ceased to carry on after her death.

Perhaps my earliest recollection was one recalled only the other day in a local saddler's shop. The assistants were repairing harness but "the boss" was making a pigskin case with a lock and key.

"Hullo! A postbag?" I exclaimed.

Looking slightly puzzled he replied: "Oh no, sir, an *attaché* case."

It had reminded me of a very early memory. Although we lived only a couple of miles or so from a fair-sized town on a main line railway, apparently either the post office did not deliver at all or alternatively the post arrived too late in the day to be of much value. I forget which. Anyway the letters for despatch were placed on the hall table and my father put them into a leather postbag with his own letters, and locked it. He and the postmaster had keys (much of the correspondence was official—hence, perhaps, these precautions).

I also recall that a Welsh groom-gardener, Bob by name (Fig. 1), used to call at the front door for the letter bag, which was handed to him by the haughty English parlourmaid. Bob, although "a bit of a lad" among the ladies, was no beauty. I seem to recall a very red face and turned-up nose, rather like Leech's picture of Mr. Jorrocks, and a large woollen muffler, topped by a high-crowned bowler hat with a narrow curly brim. He rode a fat black Welsh cob which rejoiced in the name of Jinny. The transfer of the letter bag usually required much *badinage* and time, and was usually terminated by some indignant member of the family shouting "For goodness' sake shut that door!"

In conclusion let me tell a little ghost story. A cousin of mine has a house in a small park. From the main road to the house there is a short but winding gravel drive. This house, in my young days, owned a peculiarly harmless and futile ghost. One heard a carriage and pair drive up to the house and stop, and the footman get down to ring the bell, which never rang. A year or two ago I asked the owner "if the ghost still carried on," and he replied, "Do you know, I had forgotten its existence. Perhaps," he added with a smile, "it has vanished, with the horse, from the roads." There is many a true word spoken in jest, and that is the answer. Just outside the park the road enters a cutting. One can hear a car come to the cutting, and when it enters it the sound is cut off. In the days of the horse, the cessation of the sound of trotting hoofs was even more noticeable. The footman part of the tale was sheer imagination, based on the natural sequence of events.

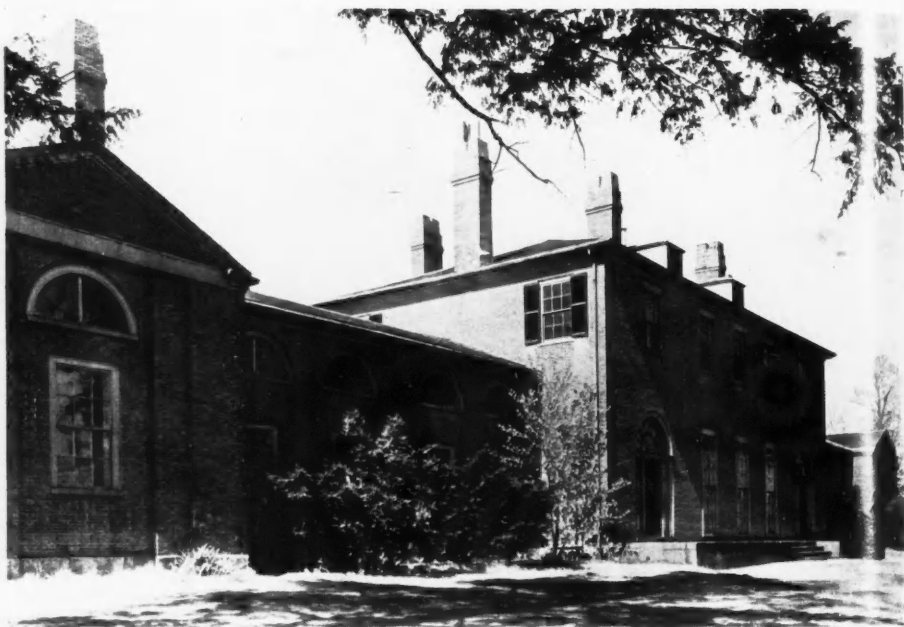
GORE PLACE, WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

By ERIC UNDERWOOD

Designed in the English style of Henry Holland and "Capability" Brown for Christopher Gore, Governor of Massachusetts, in about 1805. The means by which such American country houses have been preserved draw attention to the care given to Georgian architecture in the United States in contrast to the treatment too frequently accorded to it in the country of its origin. Mr. Underwood, incidentally, is the only Englishman to have been appointed a Trustee of Public Reservations for a State (Massachusetts), in recognition of his services to British-American cultural relations.

CHRISTOPHER GORE who built himself Gore Place—one of the half-dozen finest Georgian houses in America and an estate not inferior in scope and design to Jefferson's Monticello, Thornton's Tudor Place or, indeed, the White House—was a New England worthy whose distinguished career covered the Napoleonic era. Born in 1758, son of John Gore a loyalist restored to citizenship in 1787 by Act of the State Legislature, Christopher was educated at Harvard, read law with Judge Lowell and quickly established a lucrative practice in Boston. One of his pupils there was Daniel Webster, and it is to Gore's credit that he urged Webster to decline the clerkship of the New Hampshire Court of Common Pleas and so saved his talents, as statesman, for a wider sphere.

At the age of twenty-seven, a veteran of the Revolution and already the best



1.—THE NORTH FRONT, WITH ITS TWO FRONT DOORS

The house was designed for the Governor's public entertaining as well as his private residence

known lawyer in the State, Gore was made a member of the Commission, with Hancock and Adams, to ratify the Federal Constitution, and four years later was appointed by George Washington first U.S. District Attorney of Massachusetts. In 1796

he was sent to England to settle American spoliation claims under the Jay Treaty and for two years acted as Chargé d'Affaires in the absence of Rufus King. Successful in obtaining large sums for his fellow-citizens, he accumulated a substantial fortune which enabled him to maintain the opulent establishment he set up for himself later.

During his eight years in England Gore's house outside Boston was burnt down and he determined to build another on a grander scale, of the plans of which his letters contain many interesting details. The earlier house had stood on some forty acres that he had bought at Waltham. To these he added some hundreds more, his aim being to live in the style of an English country gentleman. Like Washington and Jefferson he delighted in agriculture and forestry; and, though only some eighty acres of his estate remain to-day, the surviving trees

and lay-out give an idea of its former grandeur. This was modelled on the type of landscaping favoured in England at the end of the eighteenth century: great stretches of lawn, fine trees harmoniously grouped, a deer park and water views. He laid out a "Mile Walk" around the property and "divided it into quarters each belted by a half dozen rows of trees shading a walk, with every variety of forest tree so that the birds nested there as if in the wild wood."

On his return Gore became Governor of Massachusetts and United States Senator, and in 1806 announced the completion of his new house: "Although built with the greatest economy and absence of ornament it will still keep me at the Bar longer than my love of indulgence would desire."

He is said to have lived in "magnificent style" with liveried servants and a four-horse coach with outriders. The offence given by his personal extravagance to many simplifying New Englanders is, indeed, offered as an explanation of their failure to re-elect him for a second term as governor.

He died in 1827. One of the overseers of Harvard College, and having no children, he bequeathed a large sum to his Alma Mater with which was built Gore Hall on the model of King's College, Cambridge, an edifice which long housed the University library.

The account books in which the costs of building Gore Place are set out contain many items of interest but no mention of the architect. The house shows strong English influence, and it has been conjectured that it may have been designed by an Englishman, since Gore, during his residence in London, could have been in touch with the leading architects there. Henry Holland (1746-1806), architect to the Prince Regent, was then at the height of his reputation. His work was noted for its large and harmonious proportions and its unadorned masses—no able features of Gore Place.

There is, however, no other evidence to support the suggestion, and work by English architects was rare in America at the time. There were, moreover, many native architects of unusual excellence. One suggested has been Bulfinch, who about this time designed



2.—ONE OF THE ENTRANCES, SHOWING THE CIRCULAR STAIRS



3.—THE SOUTH FRONT AND LAWN. The house is built of small flat bricks of natural salmon-pink hue

the New State House at Boston and residences in the Louisburg Square and Beacon Street district. McIntire, who planned a neighbouring estate for Gore's friend Theodore Lyman, can be dismissed since his manner is little in keeping with that of Gore Place. The style of William Thornton, designer of the Capitol at Washington and two of the finest houses in that city, the Octagon and Tudor Place, has greater affinities, but his work is not found so far north. Still less is that of Thomas Jefferson.

The house, consisting of a central mass flanked with outstretched wings of lower elevation, stands on a slight eminence in parkland well away from the main road. To the south, broad lawns fall towards a ha-ha beyond which lies one of three small lakes included in the estate. The buildings, having a total length of some one hundred and eighty feet, are of dimensions and lay-out common enough in Virginia and the Carolinas but rarely found at the time in New England.

Gore Place was the first house under the Republic to be built by a State governor as a mansion for governors. It was, therefore, planned for public entertaining as well as a private residence, and the architect has solved his double problem with great ingenuity. The interior is divided into two units, the one formal, the other intimate, which may be used separately or together. It is a worthy precursor of such commodious

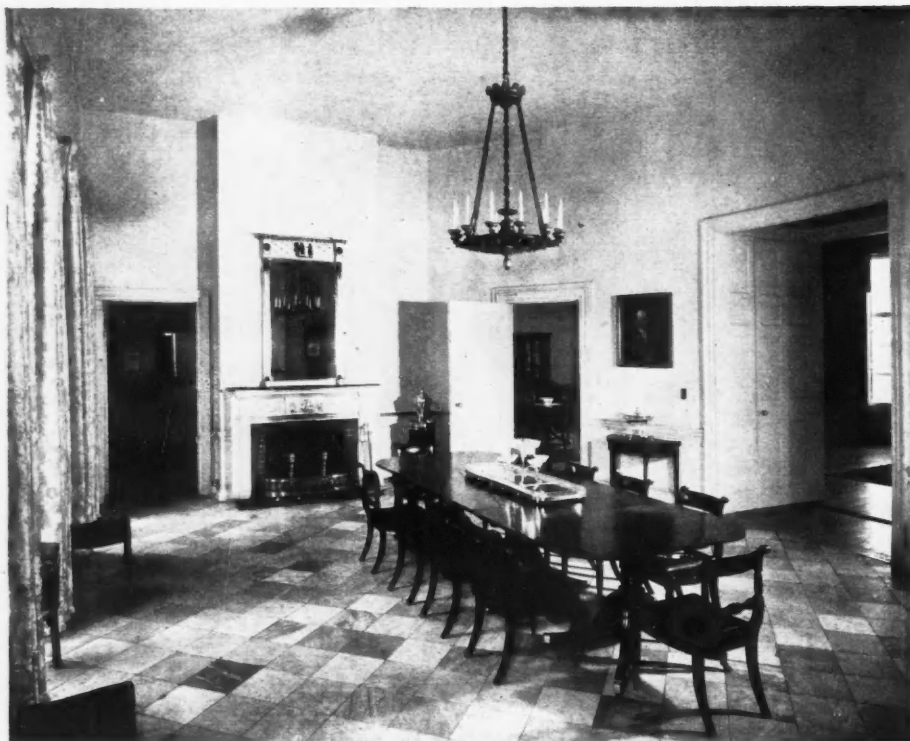
modern governors' palaces as those at Frankfort, Kentucky, or Sacramento, California.

The State Reception Hall, the Oval Room, the Library and the Art Gallery, spacious apartments some fifteen feet in height, communicate with one another and allow for a continuous flow of visitors. The breakfast room and the billiards room are lower, sharing their windows with the herb room and nursery above.

The upper floor of the central portion has the relatively small number of five master's bedchambers, the total number of rooms in the house being twenty-two. Gore had no children, and the number of guests who stayed overnight would in any case be small, since the house was not far from Boston which, even in those days, was well served with clubs and inns. The rooms owe their impressiveness to the simplicity and



4.—THE OVAL ROOM IN THE CENTRE OF THE SOUTH FRONT



5.—DINING-ROOM IN CENTRE OF NORTH FRONT

harmony of their form and proportions. Ornament is rigidly excluded, the only notable exception being the decorated mantels which are said, with considerable probability at least as to two of them, to be the work of McIntire.

One of the wings provides office and sleeping accommodation for servants who, in those days of nominal wages, would have been numerous. There is also an interesting nursery, occupied from time to time by Gore nephews and nieces. Its lunette windows and dado are "child high" and the elliptical arch of its low ceiling and the barrel arch of the adjoining room are noteworthy.

The house is entered on the north side by two front doors, identical in design and equal in status, one at each end of the central portion, with three windows of full height between—a unique arrangement.

The upper floor is approached by circular stairs worthy of the period at its best. The light rail still maintains its watch-spring strength, doubtless due to the fact that at intervals some of the balusters are of iron, which, however, is indistinguishable in appearance from the wood. The floor of the two entrance halls and of the State Reception Hall are of American marble. The metal materials throughout are of exceptional quality, accounting for no less than one-fifth of the total cost of the building, \$20,000, equal to about \$100,000 in to-day's money. Special brass hinges raise the doors automatically so as to clear the carpets, and the pantry drawers still glide on brass rollers as smoothly as on the day on which they were made. The shutters of the lunette

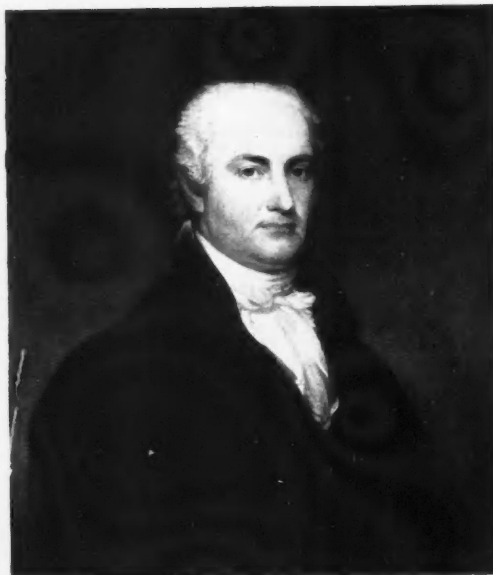
windows retain their original hinges and the whole house survives more perfectly in its original condition than any other of the period extant.

Louvre doors to the Governor's Chamber, known in New England as "Newburyport doors," indicate Gore's practical bent.

Gore Place has other unique features. It set the pace for modern American plumbing. It was probably the first in the country to possess a modern water-closet and a shower-bath. The bath is of Roman proportions and is placed on the ground floor between the billiards room and the Art Gallery; over it is an opening in the ceiling to permit servants to pour water down over the occupant. Much of the original furniture, restored by loans and gifts, survives. It includes portraits of the Governor and his wife, painted by his friend Trumbell, chairs, a billiards table, a side-board, kitchen utensils, toys, and the Governor's inaugural suit of plum-coloured silk.

The material of the building is a fine quality of small flat brick of a natural salmon pink hue, set in Flemish bond. At one period it was painted white with trim in sandstone colour to match a sandstone terrace set high to allow easy access to a coach. This was removed by one of the later owners, who included Theodore Lyman, J. S. Copley Greene, and Theophilus Walker. Among distinguished guests were Lafayette, Monroe and Rufus King.

Most historic houses in the state belong to the Trustees of Public Reservations for Massachusetts, a voluntary association founded some fifty-three years ago. The by-laws and objects of this body served as a model for the National Trust in England, one of the Members of Council of which is still nominated by the American association, the present representative being Mr. Charles Sumner Bird of Boston, president of the Trustees, and a gentleman well known in hunting circles in the Shires and in Ireland. Gore Place exceptionally is the single property of the Gore Place Society, a trust incorporated in 1935 as an educational organisation supported by membership fees and voluntary contributions, all of whose officers serve without remuneration.



6.—CHRISTOPHER GORE. Governor of Massachusetts and builder of Gore Place.

By Trumbell

(Right) 7.—CHIMNEY-PIECE OF THE OVAL ROOM

Photographs: Figs. 1, 2, 7, *Historic American Building Survey*. Figs. 3, 4, 5, 6, *Cushing-Gellatly, Boston, Mass.*



VILLAGE PRODUCE ASSOCIATIONS

By KATHLEEN TALBOT

PLANS for post-war agriculture multiply daily, but few deal in any detail with one fundamental problem: that of so developing and improving conditions of life in the villages that country people will be content to stay on the land instead of migrating to the towns. From this point of view it is possible that both landlords and farmers may be interested in an account of the Village Produce Association movement, which has proved of benefit to a great number of country people.

When the Ministry of Food made a survey of the counties in 1940, with the object of seeing whether surplus produce grown in the villages could be marketed to relieve the scarcity of fresh vegetables in the towns, it was found that there was a shortage of food in some country districts, and that this shortage was especially acute during the Winter and Spring months. It was largely a matter for education; in some villages potatoes were almost the only vegetable grown; fruit-trees were neglected; the poultry stocks were of poor quality and badly fed; pig-keeping had died out in many places. The problem was how to introduce better methods of horticulture and of livestock-keeping, to improve the rotation of crops, to suggest the purchase of new stock and fresh seed, to avoid unnecessary seasonal gluts and shortages and to see that country people were producing enough food for their own needs during the war.

In 1941 a war-time scheme for forming Village Produce Associations was launched by the Ministry of Agriculture and organised through County Garden Produce Committees. The first step was to attract members, and a single subscription to an organisation covering all forms of food production was the first inducement offered. Bulk buying, undertaken either by the county committee or by the individual associations, was popular, covering a wide variety of goods ranging from seeds and tools to stock-feed potatoes and livestock. Llangollen, Denbighshire, spent as much as £80 in one year in replacements of pullets for its poultry members, and Peaslake, Surrey, covering three neighbouring villages, spent £300 on various purchases during its first year.

Co-operative ownership, too, has been found useful in providing tools and implements too expensive for the individual to buy for himself. Thus Hovingham in the North-Riding owns a honey extractor, a sprayer and apparatus for pig-curing.

Other much needed help has concerned the distribution and marketing of produce. In some places it has been chiefly a question of arranging for better distribution within the village itself, and the Village Produce Associations have been advised in the first instance to examine all local means of disposal which do not need the use of transport. The school canteen is an obvious outlet of this kind, if fairly large quantities of produce can be grown regularly, and Knighton upon Teme, Worcestershire, had provided vegetables for 35,000 meals (135 daily) up to the end of last June.

Village market stalls make another good outlet, and these are usually run in co-operation with the Women's Institutes, whose experience in marketing began long before the war. The takings at some of these stalls, open for a short time on one day a week, are substantial; Kirby Moorside in the North-Riding serving a group of six villages, with a joint V.P.A.



HOVINGHAM, A NORTH-RIDING VILLAGE WHERE CO-OPERATIVE OWNERSHIP HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY INTRODUCED

and W.I. stall, had a turnover of nearly £1,000 in twelve months, and produce not disposed of locally was sold to hostels or hospitals in neighbouring towns.

Trade objections to the setting up of such stalls occur seldom: where they are made, they can generally be met by friendly negotiation. Thus at Deddington, Oxfordshire, it was found that the greengrocer was getting the bulk of his produce from Banbury, nine miles away, and that the inhabitants were going into the same town by bus to buy vegetables. The greengrocer, approached by the V.P.A., said that he had no objection to the starting of a stall, provided that the V.P.A. worked on equal terms with himself, i.e., that there should be no undercutting as to prices, no touting for orders and no deliveries at customers' houses. The stall was started on these conditions, which have been observed faithfully, and both parties are satisfied.

Sometimes village gardens are so large that production can exceed local requirements, as, for instance, in West Suffolk, where Glemsford sold to Covent Garden some 25 tons of vegetables (including such things as onion thinnings and rhubarb, which would otherwise have been wasted) during the past year. As to livestock, Tetsworth, Oxfordshire, produced 83 pigs during the year (nearly 7½ tons of pig meat) and another Oxfordshire village, Islip, sold as many as 144 rabbits in three months.

Has the educational campaign been successful, and are country people producing and eating better quality vegetables and livestock? There has been a general improvement all round, to judge by the increased demand for technical lectures and demonstrations all over the country, and by the appearance of the entries at produce shows. One great advance has been in the variety of vegetables grown: at Collingham, Nottinghamshire, only seven kinds of vegetables were shown in 1942, but by 1944 nineteen kinds were exhibited; at a Spring show held at Bishopsteignton, Devon, in 1943 the best collections of vegetables numbered 30 varieties, and a single allotment produced 20 varieties.

From the point of view of co-operation generally there are some interesting instances: Wheatley, Oxfordshire, last year bought 19½ tons of stock-feed potatoes for its members' 77 pigs. The potatoes were delivered to the station loose in trucks, and were unloaded, weighed, bagged and delivered by teams of seven or eight members, working together each evening until the job was completed. The sharing of labour made it possible to sell the potatoes at 50s. a ton.

Laverton, Gloucestershire, and Ashwell, Hertfordshire, have grown potatoes and other crops co-operatively, getting a local farmer to plough, prepare and plant the land. Other Associations have run spraying and pruning teams.

The places where these Village Produce Associations are to be found range from market towns such as Morpeth, Northumberland, which caters for a group of ten neighbouring villages, with a membership of 515, to small villages such as North Fambridge, Essex, an isolated place with 150 inhabitants, or a hamlet like Langton in the North-Riding, where out of 37 houses 36 are covered by the household subscription. There are now about 1,600 V.P.A.s.

A recent enquiry showed that a number of villagers felt that their Association had been of real value during the war and that they would like to develop the work after the war.

The Ministry of Agriculture considers that it is for the county and village committees to decide this for themselves. The question will be debated at four Inter-County Conferences to be held during June in London, Leeds, Chester and Bristol. One thing seems certain: a great many Associations will carry on.

BOYS BRINGING LOCAL PRODUCE TO THE SCHOOL CANTEEN AT KNIGHTON, WORCESTERSHIRE



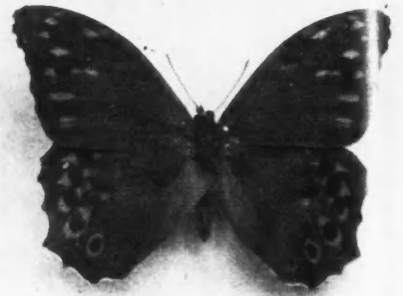
BUTTERFLIES AT HOME AND ABROAD

By

L. HUGH NEWMAN



(Left) 1.—THE LARGEST "VANESSA" FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF HAWAII AND THE MIGRANT RED ADMIRAL



(Right) 2.—CHINESE SPECKLED WOOD AND THE SPECKLED WOOD OF THE ENGLISH WOODLANDS

BRITISH butterflies are generally smaller and altogether more insignificant in colouring and marking than their foreign relations, but in spite of this there is often a distinct similarity between them, especially if they are members of the same genus. The greater size of the foreign, or at any rate the tropical, butterflies can be accounted for by the fact that everything, including plants, trees, animals, as well as insects, grows more rampantly in the atmosphere of the tropics, and there is also a simple explanation why most of them are so far more vividly coloured than our own more sombre-hued insects.

In the teeming jungle the struggle for existence is far more intense than in a climate such as ours; flowers bloom more profusely in rich colours to attract insects to visit them for the purpose of pollination. Butterflies play their part with the other insects, both crawling and flying, but, as many of them rely on protective coloration as their safeguard in life, they also are decked out in gaudy colours so that they remain unnoticed as they sit with open wings sipping nectar from the flowers, while unconsciously performing the duties for which Nature intended them. Others, of course, which settle on flowers with wings closed, need some other form of natural camouflage, and they often have cryptic coloration.

The British Orange-tip *E. cardamines* is a perfect example of this, and so is its Oriental counterpart, the Indian Orange-tip *H. glaucippe*. This large butterfly ranks with *Kallima inachis*, the Indian "dead leaf" butterfly, as the finest example of a butterfly that "disappears" as soon as it settles. With its wings closed, concealing the brilliant orange tips, the butterfly clings to a lower branch of a tree in such a position that the curve of its wings exactly resembles a slightly withered leaf. The veinings on the undersides, patterned in pale yellow and brown complete the illusion (Fig. 6).

In this country our own Orange-tip can do the disappearing trick just as successfully! One moment you will be watching a male fluttering along a sunny country lane, and then it will settle on a flower-head of jack-by-the-hedge or hedge parsley, and despite all the searching you will probably walk past it without having been able to find it again. As it rests for a moment on an umbelliferous plant its mottled green and white

underside merges into the picture so perfectly that until it flies up again, revealing its orange-tipped wings, you pass it unnoticed.

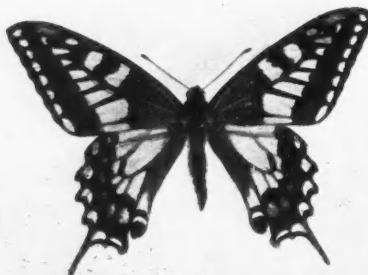
There is an almost perfect affinity between our own Dark Green Fritillary *A. aglaia* and the Regal Fritillary *A. idalia* of the U.S.A. not only in colouring and markings on the underside, but in its habits, in the food plant of the caterpillars, and in the localities where they are found in both countries. The American Regal Fritillary is more richly coloured in tawny and olive-brown, while on the upper side the hind wings are almost black glossed with blue—the "regal touch"; otherwise, apart from the American variety being about twice as large, the two are extraordinarily similar in appearance. The Regal Fritillary is rather local and frequents open spots on the borders of woodlands, and ranges from the State of Maine to Nebraska.

The females lay their eggs on violet leaves growing under the shade of trees, just as our own Dark Green Fritillary always does here. Both leave the shelter of the trees when the butterflies emerge and seek the sunshine and fresh winds on hillsides or in neighbouring fields to commence their courtship (Fig. 5).

The English Swallow-tail *P. machaon* is barely half the size of its giant American relation, *P. daucus*, and the characteristic "tails" are proportionately smaller, but the likeness is striking. It is curious, however, that the larvae of the two species feed on entirely different types of plants. Our Swallow-tails feed exclusively on umbelliferous plants, such as wild carrot, parsnip, angelica and fennel. The American species always choose the rosaceous plants which include fruit trees—favourites being apple, plum and cherry—also the strawberry and the rose. *Machaon* is confined to the Norfolk Broads and Wicken Fen while *daucus* is found among the eastern valleys of the Rocky Mountains and descends into Mexico, where the fine specimen illustrated in Fig. 3 was captured.

Although the Red Admiral, *P. atalanta*, is always considered a British butterfly, because we see it in varying numbers every year, these islands are not its natural home, and we still have no definite record of the few butterflies that survive our inclement weather ever having bred again in the Spring. Our stock of Red Admirals has to be replenished every year by migrations from the Continent, where they winter under natural conditions, continuing to feed the whole year round. It is strange that the largest member of this family, *P. tammeameca*, which are notorious "foreign travelers" should be an extremely rare and local butterfly! It breeds in the mountainous districts of the Hawaiian Islands, and very little is known of its habits (Fig. 1).

The two Speckled Wood butterflies, as well as being remarkably alike in appearance, seem to inhabit the same kind of terrain. *P. aegeria* the English Speckled Wood likes to fly in and out of the sunlit patches and shadows along a riding in a wood. They will fly up at your feet as you approach them, but return to the same "beat" after you have passed. The large Chinese Speckled Wood, *N. pulaha*, is also found in dark woods from which it often emerges to alight on a damp patch in a sunny road, "but if disturbed"



3.—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SWALLOW-TAILS



4.—PURPLE EMPERORS OF JAPAN AND BRITAIN. (Middle) 5.—REGAL FRITILLARY OF THE U.S.A. AND THE BRITISH DAR. GREEN FRITILLARY. (Right) 6.—THE "DISAPPEARING" INDIAN ORANGE-TIP AND THE ENGLISH ORANGE-TIP

(the writer in *Seitz Lepidoptera of the World* remarks) "they will fly off into the woods again, only to return after a short while." This butterfly is common throughout Western China and in Northern India from Kunawur and Simla to the Khasi Hills, ascending in Sikkim to 11,000 feet. (Fig. 4).

Although not in the same genus, the two

Emperors illustrated in Fig. 4 have much in common. Both are known as the Purple Emperor in their respective countries. *A. iris* is undoubtedly our rarest butterfly. Its habit of flying round the tallest oak in the wood, always referred to as its "throne," is the despair of most entomologists.

The Japanese *S. charonda* also frequents

the tops of trees, and they are rare in Japan, because there is a species of large hornet that pursues them and often kills them while on the wing. With both species it is only the male that has the purple flush on the wings, from which they derive their name; the females are insignificant in brown and white.

THE NIGHT WATCH

By RICHARD PERRY

BLIZZARDS, scudding across the top of the Island at fifty miles an hour from out the mountainous ocean, have drifted the snow high above field-banks and stone-dykes in fantastic wind-scooped whorls, ridges and topiaristic figures. The Straight Lane is a trough of drifted snow, and it is a desperately long mile from the village to the cliffs on the Island's north shore, where H.M. Coastguards have an auxiliary "station"—an old car banked round with turfs and roofed with cement.

Normally it takes me only twenty minutes up the Straight Lane from the village and through the sand-hills to the station: but now, with the Lane impassable, I am often leaving the house before eleven o'clock for the midnight watch.

However, if I arrive safely at the station, negotiating the narrow entrance through the rampart of turf, I open the rear door of the car and squeeze into what space is left amid a jumble of oil-stoves, paraffin cans, rifles, rockets, telephone apparatus, binoculars, log books, etc., and sit huddled up in the position that I shall occupy for the next six hours, if the weather is too bad for me to venture outside during my watch—staring, sore-eyed, into black nothingness, with never a light of ship or plane or searchlight to relieve the pitchy darkness, and a blizzard, perhaps, blowing relentlessly hour after hour through the crack in the door on to my hip, until it has penetrated into my very bones.

Inside the car, the choking fumes of the oil-stove, inhaled far down into one's stomach, mix badly with frequent draughts of black coffee, while one struggles with two impossibilities—to keep one's eyes open, and to penetrate the impenetrable veil of blackness outside: to locate the smallest light on which one may train one's eyes again and again for relief; for the alternative of ringing up my watch-mate in his eyrie on the Castle a mile distant, and calling the changes on the anecdotes of a jolly tar among South Sea belles, soon palls. More often than not the line is out of order, anyhow.

After hours of nothingness, when I am half-dozing, despite the cold and the oil-fumes, I wake suddenly to full consciousness. I am in a cold sweat, and the hair is creeping on the nape

of my neck. With nerves strung up to their tautest, I find myself listening tensely. But I can hear nothing. The blackness outside is as impenetrable as before, though the wind has dropped a little. I may as well ring up the Castle and see what's doing.

As I fumble in the darkness for the receiver in the far corner of the back seat, I hear it. . . . From somewhere out in the black night, among the sand-hills to the east, there comes a tortured screaming—surely that of a child. For a second, perhaps, I am frozen with horror: I cannot move. Then the ghostly screaming comes again and, struggling to raise my cramped limbs from the sloping seat, I lean forward and half open the door. This time the screaming comes clearly, carried on that accursed wind that has been knifing my hip all night. On any other night but this I should have had a companion, for the hardy, but superstitious, fishermen had no liking for these lonely night-watches—a month was as long as some of them stuck it—and recently the car had been "double-banked" every night-watch, and Fisherman Harry and I played dominoes all night by the shielded light of an electric torch, and wondered (or at least, I wondered) how far out to sea this one glimmer of light shone in the prevailing blackness. But to-night Harry was sick, and I was alone with this devilish thing happening out there, somewhere in the darkness.

With one leg out of the car, bracing the door open against the gale of wind, I hear the sickening, curdling cry again, quite close at hand. But instead of going out into the night with my rifle, I draw back my leg into the car, slam the door to, raise the window and, wrapping my rug around me, sink back into the seat almost in comfort, with a somewhat wry smile of amusement that I, a naturalist, could have my leg pulled so badly.

In the vast craters among the sand-hills, littered with millions of bleached bones of countless generations of rabbits, are foxes' earths. At this mid-Winter season the foxes roam far and wide over the Island in nightly courtship, and that tortured child's screaming out in the darkness was the dreadful love-howl of the she-fox!

I often see foxes from the car in the early

morning, pattering along the shore at the edge of the sea, or ferreting among the jumble of boulders below the cliffs, where their claw-marks are scratched clearly on the slimy green stones, before loping easily and leisurely up into the sand-hills, making their circuitous way over dunes and craters, until lost to sight in some stony pan.

These desperate conditions for coast-watching by night afford, however, consolation by day in wonderful seascapes, when, at full sea, walls of spray are flung over the fifty-foot cliffs, to dash on the car's wind-screen, or are blown right over the hundred-foot battlements of the Castle. As I sit alone in the station on the cliffs during such storms, a magnificent sense of exhilaration is mine throughout the six-hour duties on these wild days, while watching the splendid ebony-black and snowy-white gulls, with their five-foot wing-spread swinging freely and fearlessly on the tempest for miles along the dunes and cliffs in a perpetual to-and-fro propulsion on the storming sea-winds, now west, now east, with hardly ever a beat of their powerful pinions: now lifting vertically up with natural buoyancy over the cliffs, now angling with sharply crooked pinions over the heaving grey sea, white-flaked and churned, rolling over itself in grey-green masses to break in a smother of seething white beds of surf, acres in extent.

Then, Winter night comes down over Ocean and Island, and with the moon rising to the full, the long white breakers come rolling up to the cliffs, one behind another, dissolving into white-flecked pools and whole seas of white surf and foam in the bright moonlight. Returning home at midnight, after the evening watch, I hear the swift whistling wings of wild duck cleaving through the clear skies of the free world above the sleeping village.

Many readers of COUNTRY LIFE will spend holidays away from home this year. If they obtain their copy from a newsagent, may we remind them to let him know in advance whether they wish him to reserve it, cancel it, or post it to their new address; otherwise it may be allocated to the next person on his waiting list.

ON THE LAWN ◊ A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

MANY people must have listened with sympathy to one particular and pathetic sentence in a recent broadcast on gardens by Miss V. Sackville-West. A prospective visitor on being asked if he knew his way to the house had answered "Oh yes, it's just across the field, isn't it?" Alas! "the field" had before the war been the lawn and one in which its owner had taken a justifiable pride. So many lawns are fields nowadays, full of tufts and tussocks and mole-hills, producing a modest crop of hay to be gratefully handed over to anyone with a scythe who will come and cut it. I can shed a reasonable number of tears for the poor gardeners, but a perfect flood for those who used to have a miniature golf course on their lawn, of which there is to-day nothing but the little red flags drooping desolate and forlorn. And there must be many of them that will perhaps never come back to their ancient beauty.

I have loved a number of garden courses and some of them I am happy to know have survived. There is one—I have several times written of it—which owing to its peculiar nature must have been able to defy the ravages of war. It had no greens but only flags, dotted here and there on the narrowest strips of turf bordering the carriage sweep or the garden walks. He who laid his tee shot nearest to the pin won the hole and there was not a single tee shot that was not of excruciating difficulty and beset by a perpetual terror of going out of bounds. The course, as I am glad to think, has the merit of what John Low called "indestructibility." A touch or two of the scythe and it must be once more fit for a championship.

There are two others differing widely from one another save in their enchanting quality, which have survived because in each case the house attached to the course has done good war service and so the course has been kept or has kept itself in order. In one instance it has housed a business and in the other it has made a haunt of peace for resting or convalescent soldiers who have played innumerable rounds on the course. This last is a putting course, but so to describe it is to do very little justice to the agonies and terrors of its slopes or to the generally magnificent scale on which it is conceived. It was always alarming and after a round or two inevitably produced a mild attack of "the staggers," but now I am told that it has grown much faster than ever before, through constant play, so that even its lady champion, and she is a real champion and no mere local divinity, finds her score for the nine holes several strokes higher than it used to be.

The other one was, in comparison with most garden courses, of positively terrific length, since there were some holes demanding an honest full shot with a mashie-niblick, a tee shot which has to stop "like a poached egg" on a green of the very smallest proportions and surrounded with horrors. The last I heard of it was that the staff of the evacuated business had taken frantically to golf and that since some of the greens are near the house and the players' skill did not keep pace with their enthusiasm, the windows suffered considerably. Those who had come there from a much bombed neighbourhood found the constant crashes and tinkling of glass a little too much for their nerves.

In a general way garden golf ought to be a severe test of the nerves and also of the temper. The very stern hold that the word "unfair" should never be applied to any golfing hole, and that all the greatest holes in the world have an element of what the weaker vessels call unfairness. Whatever may be said of full-sized courses this is unquestionably true of the miniature course in a garden. The game must be "a contest of risks" in *excelsis*. The best illustration I can think of was a hole laid out by two friends of mine, who were young then but are rather old now, in the parental garden at home. I never saw it, but I understand that one hole demanded a carry over, and only just over, the greenhouse and that after a while both the hole and the greenhouse had to be

"reconstructed." All courses cannot be expected to live up to that standard but disaster, on a less expensive scale, should be for ever threatening the player. He should never, or hardly ever, be able to relax and the difference between dazzling success and utter failure should be measured in inches rather than feet. The course should be another Hoylake in the matter of out-of-bounds and flower beds are nearly always available for this purpose. I have heard of one course that had a fascinating little stream running through it, but that is a bounty on Nature's part which cannot as a rule be hoped for.

I lay down these views in a highly didactic manner and I believe them to be sound. Yet the course of my boyhood possessed few of these characteristics and I played on it for innumerable hours and still love its memory. Superficially it had many faults. At several holes there was too much room; a seriously crooked pitch or pitch-and-run ought in a garden inevitably to be punished, but at several holes one could recover and get one's three by means of a long approach putt and there ought to be no such putts possible. Again there was not, as I now see, enough pitching. Garden golf to my mind demands plenty of pitches over flower beds with very little room "to come and go on," but the shot on my course was rather the pitch-and-run or scuffle, a fact which may account for my having been relatively more successful with it ever since. In fact, if I must try to form an impartial estimate, there was only one really good hole out of the six; but that was a good one, even though the stroke could be played more or less "all along the ground." The ball had to reach, at precisely the right pace, precisely the right spot between two fir trees at the top of a steep little slope. If it did, it toppled down on the far side and lay dead by the hole under the branches of the walnut. If it was too strong it went under a railing and into a field; if it was too weak it might do almost anything that was unpleasant. Here in short was the perfect scuffle demanding

to be perfectly played, or at least I used to think so when I got a two.

The courses that I have so far been talking about have demanded a good deal of what the Germans call living-room, but it is possible to have, at least as far as putting is concerned, a great deal of fun on a strictly limited scale. One of the most entertaining of these smaller courses consisted of clock golf with but a single hole, but it was clock golf devised in the colossal manner. The ground had been carefully laid out in all sorts of humps and hollows as ingenious as they were alarming, and there was one particular deep little hollow quite close to the hole. The ball was always running into it at its last gasp and to hole the putt up the hill out of it was hideously difficult. Everybody's constant preoccupation was to keep out of that hollow at all costs and when the enemy's ball toddled gently into it, it was not deemed indecent to raise a shout of joy. The golf was astonishingly varied and there was hardly any limit that could be made to its variations by slight changes of tee.

I conceived such an admiration for this course that I endeavoured to imitate it in my own garden. Seven maids with seven mops, or to be more exact three or four strong men with spades, were employed for some time in making the requisite circumvallations and incidentally in digging up boulders of enormous size from under the lawn. When all the slopes had been beautifully smoothed the best of grass seed was sown and we waited anxiously for the time of its coming up. In the end it was like the traditional egg, parts of it were excellent, but it never came up to its model. I have putted on it by myself with pleasure if not with profit, but regarded as a championship course I am afraid I must own it was a failure. I am not sure that it was not more successful as the green for a frivolous game of bowls. To-day like all the rest of the lawn it is as Tadmor in the wilderness. "Field" faintly describes it, for I doubt if any self-respecting sheep would look at it.

GULLS ABOVE WESSEX

By HARALD PENROSE

IT was only a short flight—no more than forty miles direct, and then back on a curving course that followed the coast for fifteen minutes before sweeping inland—yet we met countless gulls. Every few minutes we saw white wings above us flashing against the cloudless sky of early March, or, when we looked down, showing with incisive brilliance above grass and plough, and whiter than the foam where they skimmed the green sea.

For many days the wind had been blowing from the north, sometimes sweeping the sky clear of cloud, at others sending a light powdering of snow which masked the flaming crocus and dimmed the early daffodils. But, although the ground had been white with frost that

morning, and the ponds frozen, the day had grown in brilliance. In sheltered places there was promise of a warm day, but on the great open space of aerodrome the sweeping air remained bitterly cold.

"Bad weather coming," said one of the men working on the aeroplanes, and he pointed to the host of gulls sedately pecking in the back of the sheep which had been feeding overnight on the aerodrome turf. "Aye," he continued, "they gulls always fly inland when there's a storm come up at sea."

All day more and more birds had arrived, not only gulls but a great flock of lapwings as well as many rooks and starlings: but no storm came. The towering cumulus of early morning drifted away, leaving a few far-spread clouds in a deep emptiness of blue; by late afternoon even these had gone.

At half-past four the twin-engined *Rapide* was towed out. As I ran up the engines the lapwing took the air with leisurely wing-beat, circled the aerodrome higher and higher, and then, at about 1,000 feet, drifted across and flying steadily westwards.

The aeroplane was taxied to the southern boundary so that, like every bird, it could face the wind for its take-off run. On either side, as it rumbled slowly across the grass, a host of birds continued feeding, undisturbed except for a casual glance. Only the gulls directly in its path flapped out of the way, half circled into wind again and landed a hundred yards to one side. The resident rooks, more accustomed to aircraft, disdained to fly and walked away with unhurried dignity.

The *Rapide* was turned by the hedge, and as its engines opened up their roar encompassed



C. S. Burney

each of us in isolation. Faster and faster the aeroplane ran into the wind, and with a last little bound became airborne. As the aerodrome dropped below, and the familiar airscape of wider horizons took its place, there could be seen many groups of flying gulls and starlings which we had disturbed. The distant Quantocks swung tilting past the windscreen as the aeroplane turned. A flash of fifty or more darkly gleaming little birds swept under the port nacelle—the energetic flight of starlings. An instant later a gull, too near for his peace of mind, lurched crazily sideways and dropped on heavily beating wing below the *Rapide's* nose; I could see the bird watching us as he swerved. Almost at the same moment two other gulls were overtaken—appearing to vanish with an upward leap, tail first over our starboard wing. There were other birds which also caught my eye: pigeons settling in a copse; rooks curving round the elm-tops beyond the aero-

points held slightly rearwards. With this plan-form their area was reduced and so gave greater gliding speed to counter the strong head-wind into which they soared. As they slid from view my eye caught a score more gulls circling low over a field on which some had already settled.

Two miles south, running parallel with our track, was the seven-hundred-foot-high Wind-whistle Hill, along which lies the main Exeter Road. Above the long line of beeches fringing it many rooks were soaring—circling, climbing, tumbling, or occasionally setting off with purposeful flight downwind towards the sea. My gaze travelled across the undulating fields of hilly Dorset to the silvered, blue of the water, where it lay in a crescent that seemed only a little beyond my wing-tip though it was full fifteen miles away. As I watched, the leading edge of the wing seemed like a scythe, steadily cutting across the sunny meadows, the count-

As we passed the river Otter, a silver thread reaching into the hills, I put down the nose. The needle of the air-speed indicator moved steadily across the dial as we dropped, and the note of the engine grew harsher. At 600 feet I levelled off. Exeter was ten miles ahead, and we were flying above the straight road of the Fairmile.

Now we could see the gulls more closely; could study the quick controlling pats they made at the air when they encountered a gust, or watch them eyeing the ground or glancing at other gulls as they circled. Where a group of them congregated on the turf others could be seen flying in from half-a-mile away, swooping down to land, or braking the last of their descent with quick fluttering pinions and wide-spread tail. Others were easing the first fast strokes of their take-off jump into the slower rhythm of their normal flight or the occasional beat that held their higher soaring.

Soon the estuary of the Exe spread wider across our path. Immediately before us the aerodrome had come into view. I throttled back and turned to the leeward side for the approach glide. As the aeroplane came low over the hedge gulls in the adjacent field did not even stir.

Our passengers got out, and I took off again. I judged the wind was much faster here than at my home aerodrome farther inland.

As the *Rapide* climbed away, the length of the estuary from Topsham to Exmouth made the immediate horizon. A hundred feet of height quickly became a thousand, and the water had dwindled to a wedge-shaped stretch, barred with sand at its mouth. Far across its farther bank the brown hills of Dartmoor became the new edge of the world.

Soon I swung the machine southwards. The sea slipped into view, and also a circling gull. I turned the *Rapide* with it. Round and round we went, the aeroplane in a half-mile circle, the bird in one of fifty yards. Steadily the gull ascended, its wings held level but minutely moving for control.

Circling and circling, aeroplane and bird drifted towards the coast. Rashly I glanced towards the blue tracery of Torquay Bay to where Berry Head stretched across the sea. When I looked again towards the centre of my circling flight the gull had vanished. The altimeter showed 1,800 feet.

On a long slant, engines throttled, the aeroplane was headed towards the sea. The water was streaked with flurries of wind blowing straight from the shore. The air swept off the cliffs in a turbulent cascade that shook the *Rapide* with a series of sharp bumps as it sped, low down, along the lee of the cliffs. Yet close against them there must have been sheltered air, for numerous gulls and jackdaws, flying with steady wing beat, showed against the red background of the cliffs.

In small clusters, sometimes singly, gulls were resting on the water—occasional white dots extending as far off-shore as the eye could see. Others came planing down at intervals. Here and there a cloud of birds were circling on lazy wing.

It was then that I realised that up-currents extended a long way seaward, for I happened to look obliquely up and found a gull soaring several hundred yards beyond my wing tip. Even while I watched the bird pass from sight I became aware of many others, farther and farther out to sea, soaring on motionless wings. Far out to sea they went, holding a horizontal flight path until their white wings vanished in the shimmering blue of the horizon. Yet when I looked at the sea beneath me the wind streaks were obvious sign of down-currents hitting the surface.

I puzzled over this, while the brick red cliffs changed to a tumbling chalk which presently rose sheer from the water to form the white promontory of Beer Head. Rocking in the violently gusty air the *Rapide* jumped the headland, climbing to 1,000 feet so that all Seaton Bay came into view and, beyond it, the terraced landslides of clay marking the coast to Lyme.

A thousand wings, flickering in the sunlight, were startled from the crannied cliffs of Beer by the echo of our engines, and when I gazed seaward there were a score of soaring gulls in easy view, and each moment of our flying showed still more. There they were, on motionless wing, holding height as they swept into distance. How did they do it? I pondered. A



IN SMALL CLUSTERS, SOMETIMES SINGLY, GULLS WERE RESTING ON THE WATER; OTHERS CAME PLANING DOWN

drome, and sliding down on widespread glistening wings to the fields of plough—but these and people in the lanes, cattle, cars, were no more than impressions of a second, for there were so many other things to watch. They were the by-play of the spreading vista of brown and green fields and the neatly wandering criss-cross pattern of hedgerow and trees.

I turned the aeroplane on to its course, and at 2,000 feet levelled off. We settled comfortably for the twenty-minute flight.

The conical hill of Montacute and the quarried heights of the old earth fortress of Ham Hill slid underneath, barely observed by an eye grown familiar with them in three thousand flights; but what immediately caught attention was a great flight of lapwings, their wings twinkling as they turned slightly from our line of flight. I glanced at the dashboard clock: eight minutes had gone since starting the engines. Most probably these were the same lapwings I had seen fly from the aerodrome, for in that time they would easily have reached this point. It was tempting to follow them, but we had need to get to Exeter without delay. Quickly the birds drifted far under the starboard wing-tip and were lost to sight.

Within three minutes two gulls came soaring athwart our track, crossing a few hundred feet below the aeroplane. Their flexing wings were indrawn, the tips forming sharp

less trees, ribbons of road, and rare groups of gold-stoned houses. Hill and valley alike were erased by its passage, and the miles were measured by seconds.

Dead ahead, far away, framed in the sloping windscreen, was a vast view which stretched from Wales on one side to Start Point and the wide waters of the English Channel on the other: in between were embraced the rugged moors, the red fields, the rich pastures and the streams, of wide Devon. And if one gazed steeply downward the scene became intimate instead. There was the everyday world in all its homely detail, but viewed from an angle which made it a score times more significant.

Over Chard Reservoir duck were circling. Two of them straightened and skimmed the surface: a line of ripples showed as they touched, and as it faded they folded their wings, becoming inanimate dots.

We droned onwards. The country began to change in character, the ground slowly lifting to form the Blackdown Hills. It was from this instant that we began to pass the gulls in regular procession. There were hundreds both on the ground and in the air. More often than not they would be observed alternately flapping and soaring as they circled a few hundred feet above the ground, but many others were making a cross-country journey, soaring at considerable height.

gull requires only a gentle up-current for such soaring—perhaps $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet a second—and though this can be easily generated over warmed land masses it seemed extraordinary that such rising air could be found just beyond the heavy overfall of wind tumbling from the cliff.

The coast-line grew in beauty. Golden Cap, the highest cliff in all the southern coast, glowed in the low rays of the sun. I edged the *Rapide* towards it. In the lee of the cliff were many birds flying, but none of them soaring—yet no more than half way between the aeroplane and shore other birds had found the air-current. In the roar and racket of the *Rapide's* flight I could think of no explanation.

Near Bridport I swung the aeroplane over the coast, and headed inland. As the sea vanished beneath the wings and fell astern, the turbulent little hills of South Dorset appeared, their cataclysmic creation disguised by a coat of quiet turf. Placid farms nestled between folds of smooth downland, little hamlets in tranquil valleys, and on the hill tops were the faint pit-circles of anciently dead men. I turned from the shadowed indentations of the downs, scanning ten miles of countryside with no more than a casual glance, and saw a score of other intimate features that delineate the Dorset Winter picture: the bright water of lost rivulets, glittering ice, the purple sheen of tree-tops new with bud, ragged little fields, wandering lanes—and yet all these were subservient to the

high-ridged downland spanning far across the county like the frosted russet-brown back of a vast monster. And everywhere were glimpses of birds flying: gulls making a passage, rooks soaring high above the windward side of elms, grey pigeons clouding above copses, and a few groups of speeding starlings.

The aerodrome was still covered with gulls and rooks and lapwings when the *Rapide* came gliding in to land. From the leeward end away flew the gulls on lazily beating wings—then circled and drifted down to join others feeding farther away. The rooks again gave the aeroplane a casual glance as it rumbled by.

I got out of the machine. The aerodrome seemed strangely silent after the dull roar of the engines. Only the distant clacking of a gull disturbed the quiet. I looked at the army of birds feeding, and then up. High in the cloudless sky were white wings, circling, circling.

"What about that storm?" and I pointed to the gulls.

"Aye! They always knows when one is coming. You'll see."

But there was no change in the weather. A whole week of similar sunny days went by—and still no storm, though the gulls were crowding the aerodrome all the time.

The meteorological records suggested a truer reason than prediction of a bad weather for the soaring passage of the vast number of birds encountered on my journey. A wave

of cold polar air was spreading southwards. Further, the humidity chart showed the atmosphere to be abnormally dry, and decrease of temperature with height was such that the fogs would easily exist to 5,000 feet. The utilisation of such up-currents can result in appreciable saving of energy, by reducing the extent, or even completely eliminating, the normal wing beat—and this free travel facility is a great inducement for the avian world to journey far into the country and have a change of feeding-ground.

The extensive up-current over the sea is more difficult to explain, for the wind streaks on the water and the flapping birds in the lee of the cliffs were clear enough evidence that the wind was cascading downwards over the cliff-edge. Had the wind been merely gentle, there probably would have been no eventual up-current; instead, it seems that the impact of the wind on the sea-surface was so high that, aided by the heat released from its turbulence, it was reflected up again in a long and shallow slant.

And the point of all this story? . . . Not that the old country tags and legends are untrue, but that they were often based on insufficient evidence. When the gulls fly inland the reason is that flying conditions are helpful—while the symptoms of storm are the measurable qualities with which only an extensive system of meteorological stations can deal.

CORRESPONDENCE

HENRY KEENE AND ARBURY

SIR,—A glance at the drawing of the Hall of University College, Oxford, in your issue of March 30 reminded me that I had seen a similar mantelpiece, modelled on the tomb of Aymer de Valence in Westminster Abbey, at Arbury, Warwickshire, over thirty years ago.

On reading Mr Clifford Smith's

trated in COUNTRY LIFE many years ago, but I do not recollect whether the overmantelpiece, etc., were illustrated, or the name of the architect recorded.—W. J. HEMP, *Bod Cywarch, Criccieth, North Wales.*

[We reproduce a photograph of the dining-room at Arbury which contains not only the chimney-piece referred to by Mr. Hemp, but fan vaulting strongly reminiscent of that by Henry Keene in Hartwell Church.

at least directly. It is stated to have been begun after Sir Roger's return from a visit to Italy on which he set out in 1773. One of the principal rooms was not finished in 1794, and the stove for the dining-room was not supplied till 1801, whereas Keene died in 1776. It is possible that Keene supplied a design for the dining-room just before his death, and that it was 25 years in execution. But in view of this strange time-lag, Mr. Clifford

constructed by that architect in 1769-71? Originally a piazza, this ground floor was converted to display the large collection of pictures and drawings bequeathed to the college by General John Guise.

Keene's Ionic decoration is not only charming in itself; it reflects the remarkable change in taste which turned from the late Renaissance decoration of the floor above with its towering pediments and massive ornamental ceiling of Thomas Roberts carried out in 1752-62 (see COUNTRY LIFE, January 5, 1945). Keene's plaster ceiling illustrated his awareness of the growing influence of Adam, and even if financial considerations probably called the somewhat meagre tune of his Ionic decoration, he contrived to utter, in the key of the new fashion, a strain of reposeful simplicity. In another year or so, even Keene's Ionic columns would have been carried away by the flooding tide of the brothers Adam.—W. G. HISCOCK, *Christ Church, Oxford.*

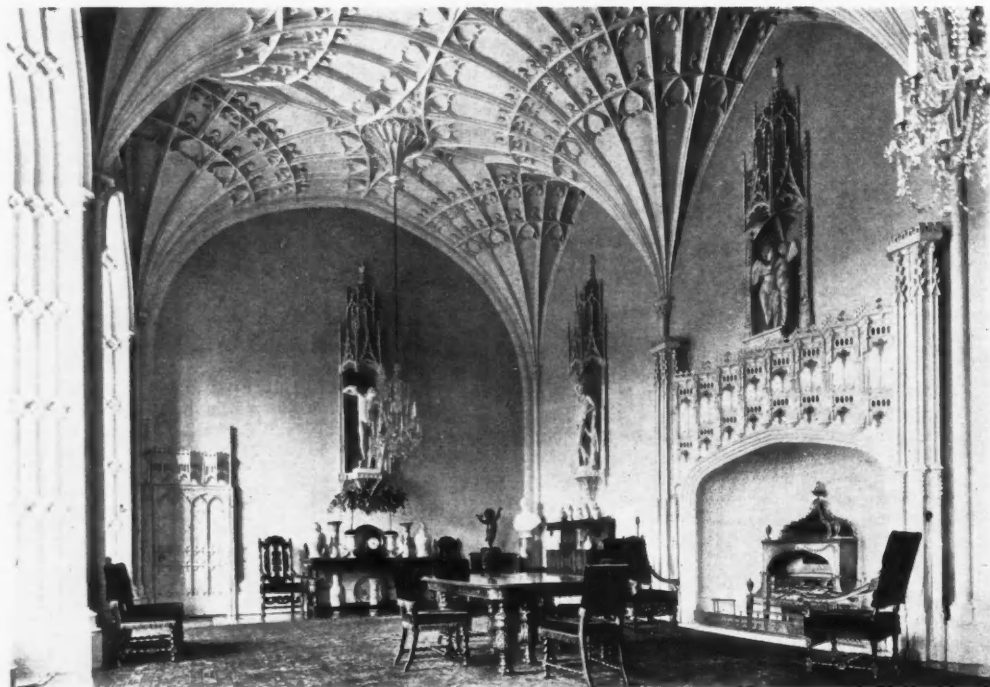
DAFFY'S ELIXIR

From Sir Ambrose Heal.

SIR,—In your issue of March 20 Mr. Clifford Smith reproduced an interesting trade-card issued by Sir Richard Arkwright when he was a practising perquier in the town of Bolton and there, incidentally, it is stated that he retailed Daffy's Elixir. In the next number appeared a letter from a correspondent giving certain particulars regarding the originator of that famous nostrum which are at variance with those available in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and with other records which I have gathered from the files of *Notes and Queries* and elsewhere.

Put shortly, the inventor was not Anthony Daffy but the Rev. Thomas Daffy, sometime rector of Harby who, from the year 1666 held the living of Redmile in Leicestershire. The earliest known reference to Daffy's Elixir was in 1673 (vide *Adam Martindale's Autobiography*).

The death of the original Daffy did not occur in 1750 as stated, but in 1680. The secret of the preparation was imparted by the inventor in his lifetime to his son Daniel, an apothecary at Nottingham, who seems to have shared it with his kinsman Anthony Daffy. Subsequently the goodwill in the Elixir was the matter of dispute between a daughter of the



THE DINING-ROOM AT ARBURY WITH GOTHICK WORK SUGGESTIVE OF HENRY KEENE

See letter: Henry Keene and Arbury

article I see that Henry Keene, the architect of the hall in 1766, was employed in this work by Sir Roger Newdigate and that the mantelpiece was a gift from Sir Roger.

It therefore seems likely that the mantelpiece, together with the fan vaulting, which distinguishes Arbury are also the work of Keene.

Arbury was described and illus-

But Mr. Christopher Hussey writes: When discussing the article on Keene with Mr. Clifford Smith, I also recalled Sir Roger Newdigate's Gothic work at Arbury, but on referring to the article on that house by the late H. Avray Tipping (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. xxxiv, page 356), we found that the chronology appears to debar Keene from having been responsible for it,

Smith decided not to include Arbury among Keene's actual works.—ED.]

HENRY KEENE

SIR,—May I draw attention, by way of supplementing Mr. Clifford Smith's article on Henry Keene in your issue of March 30, to the interior of the ground floor of Christ Church Library,

originator, named Catherine, and the widow of Anthony.

I have a billhead of a later claimant which reads:—

PETER SWINTON

Sole Proprietor of the Genuine Original Receipt, whose late wife Mary Swinton, was Niece and Executrix of Anthony and Mary Daffy; at No. 46, The White Stone House with two large Golden Balls on the Pallade Stone Pillars, in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street.

Explicit instructions are given to

with his seal "in red wax on the title page." There may however have been an earlier edition. Neither of these pamphlets is—or was not—in the British Museum nor the Surgeon General's Library catalogue.—AMBROSE HEAL, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire.

A LEGACY FROM TWO SISTERS

SIR,—The lovely church at Maids Moreton, Buckinghamshire, is so called from the fact that two ladies of the Peyvor family founded it in the fifteenth century. It is one of the most important in the county and Sir Gilbert Scott remarked "that it was of admirable and unique design." The tower is a magnificent structure with the belfry windows deeply recessed, and fine moulded battlements.

Inside the church is a framed picture showing the two maids; my photograph shows them richly attired in the clothes of the period. They wear necklaces and the one on the left has a ring on her thumb.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, Darlington, Durham.



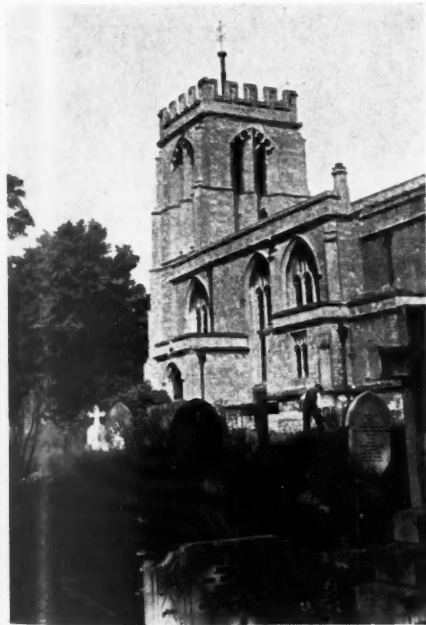
THE MAIDS OF MAIDS MORETON

See letter: A Legacy from Two Sisters

messengers "to avoid Counterfeits . . . and to go through the Narrow Entrance of Salisbury Court, that is the Coach-way leading from Fleet Street into Salisbury Square."

This bill is dated 1798 and it is interesting to note the charges:—

Two Quarts of the True Daffy's Elixir	... £1 4 0
Stamps for Do....	... 0 2 0
	£1 6 0



THE CHURCH BUILT BY THE MAIDS

See letter: A Legacy from Two Sisters

Allowing for Returned	
Bottles make it	... 1 5 6
Porterage	... 0 0 4
	£1 5 10

A rare pamphlet by Thomas Witherden entitled *Elixir Salutis* (London, 1679) puts forward a claim that Anthony Daffy had stolen the receipt of the elixir from the author and as selling it as his own. In 1693 Anthony Daffy published *Daffy's Original and Famous Elixir Salutis*

BIRD-TABLE IN RHODESIA

SIR,—I have often read with great interest Major C. S. Jarvis's references to his bird-bath, breakfast-table and his "club." Other correspondents have also written on these subjects, and I thought it may interest some of your readers to hear of a bird-bath in another part of the world.

Our bird-bath is only 11 feet from the side of the Cape Town to Cairo road near to where it crosses the Limpopo River on the Transvaal-Southern Rhodesia border.

Although erected as a bird-bath it has become, together with a small fish pond, a public bar and buffet. Our club members are not only birds. Squirrels, mongooses, hornets, bees, wasps and lizards are to be seen daily, and duiker drink from the fish-pond at night. Their spoor can be seen on the side in the morning. A snake and a ligavaan which live in the stones close to the bird-bath have not been seen drinking, only basking in the sun.

The birds are fed twice daily on munga, a native millet, which is placed among the stones forming the sides of the bird-bath, also scattered on the ground close to it. Sometimes there are seventy to eighty birds there at feeding-time. The most common is the laughing dove. The other bird members of the club are grey louries, red-winged starlings, Cape mossies (Cape sparrows), bulbuls, drongos and several kinds of wax-bills, seed-eaters and canaries, and there are many others. The squirrels and mongooses are given a ration of monkey nuts (groundnuts) twice daily. The squirrels are not so tame as some of those in the London parks, but they will come up to within two or three yards to be fed. The mongooses are tamer. They live in the trees and stones at the side of the road.

The mongooses are really "country

members" of the club. They pay us a visit every few days, remain two or three days and then off down the road again to their favourite rocks towards the river. It is perhaps a strange coincidence, but at one time for several weeks they would always appear for their evening meal on a Saturday and be away again by early Monday morning—returning the next Saturday.

The squirrels and mongooses climb up the supports and drink with the birds at the bird-bath. The squirrels also eat the grain put out for the birds at the edge of the bath.

At feeding-time, when all the grain on the ground is finished some of the club make for the bird-bath, as they know there is grain there also. They crowd on to the edge, pushing one another out of the way. The edge is one mass of birds. The doves have not nice table manners and are always fighting among themselves at meal times. When doing this they seem to waste a lot of time and the other birds are getting all the grain.

Sometimes the early morning feed is given before sunrise. The doves are not up but you can hear them on the mopani bush close to. The blue wax-bills are really early-risers and sometimes have the breakfast-table to themselves.

When the red-winged starlings visit the bird-bath they do so for the definite purpose of having a bath, not for a drink, and there is very little water left when they have finished. The water is 4½ inches deep, but there are reeds growing in the centre.

During hot weather the bird-bath has to be refilled three times a day. In a temperature which sometimes reaches 112 degrees this may not be surprising, but on the other hand we had 2 degrees of frost on the night of June 4, 1943, and in the morning the bird-bath was a solid block of ice which did not completely thaw till 10.45 a.m.

Many of our commonest local birds and migrants have never been known to visit the bird-bath although some of them are with us daily. Shrikes, sunbirds, swallows, wood-peckers, rollers, and perhaps the most beautiful bird in South Africa, the carmine-breasted bee-eater, which arrives here from its breeding places on the Zambesi about Christmas time, are not members of our club.

The squirrels and mongooses have never been seen to share the bird-bath with the grey louries. There would be very little room for them if they did, but it is an amazing and interesting sight to see four or five squirrels and mongooses and a dozen or more doves and other birds all crowded onto the small space round the edge.—MATANDINYONI, Southern Rhodesia.

A WAR-TIME EXPEDIENT

SIR,—This giant "bee-hive" is really an incubator house and hatches over 2,000 chicks at a time, and can be seen at Ingrave, Essex.

Ingeniously constructed with thatch, it is weather-proof, and



THE BEE-HIVE INCUBATION HOUSE

See letter: A War-time Expedient

made to withstand changes in temperature, and is another example of how ingenuity can overcome difficulties caused by timber shortage.—ALFRED F. EVE, Brentwood, Essex.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE JAY

SIR,—Having recently had the pleasure of receiving, rather belatedly, several copies of *COUNTRY LIFE*, I notice that once again Major Jarvis has some scathing remarks to make about the jay.

Even at the cost of disagreeing with one whose books and articles have given me many hours of enjoyment I feel I must say a few words on behalf of this beautiful and much maligned bird, since, as in Britain a stone wall of prejudice and dislike has been built up around all the *Corvidæ* with the exception of the rook, chough and raven, it is most unlikely that anyone else will do so.

Leaving aside for the moment the question as to whether one can fairly call any creature wicked or evil for getting its living as its instincts and local circumstances dictate, and looking at the matter from the more usual purely selfish human standpoint, there is still much to be said on the jay's behalf.

Admittedly it will at times wreak havoc among green peas or beans, but



A BIRD-BATH IN A RHODESIAN GARDEN

See letter: Bird-table in Rhodesia



FROGS AND THEIR SPAWN IN MARCH

See letter: Spring

during Spring and early Summer insects, particularly harmful defoliating caterpillars and cockchafers, are consumed in enormous quantities and in Autumn and Winter acorns and in some places beech-mast and chestnuts are its staple food. The blackbird will cause as much (or more) damage among soft fruits as the jay among peas if these are not netted, to say nothing of the quantities of earthworms it destroys—since most scientists agree that these humble creatures are entirely beneficial. Yet if we refrain from slaughtering blackbirds, as most of us do, thinking that their insect-destroying and the aesthetic pleasure of their presence more than compensate for the inconvenience caused, why should we be less generous to the jay?

It may be argued that the jay is too wild and shy to be often observed by the average garden owner, but this wildness is not due to any inherent nervousness, but is simply the inevitable reaction of an intelligent species to unrelenting persecution, just as the hooded crow in Britain is even wilder than the jay but in Egypt is a common bird of garden and roadside and a most entertaining one to watch!

Certainly the jay does take the eggs and young of other birds, although not to the extent that many people imagine; so also do a very great number of other birds, to most of which we extend protection, even

the day, to "make amends" by according "protection" to the few wretched survivors; but as long as a bird manages to hold out against the united efforts of gun, gin and poison, as in the case of the jay, magpie and carrion crow, we remain wilfully blind to all its redeeming features.

I quite realise that some people may feel compelled in their own interests—not on behalf of other birds please!—to reduce the jay population, so I will end by suggesting to those contemplating so doing that if possible they endeavour to watch their victim's habits personally before condemning them, and if, as is most likely to be the case in these days, they must perforce "shoot first," that they at least examine the stomach contents of the birds afterwards.—D. GOODWIN H.Q., M.E. Pigeon Service, M.E.F.

SPRING

SIR,—I note with interest your correspondent's remarks concerning the mating of frogs which he has observed, apparently, early in March. I thought this date was exceptionally early until I looked in my diary for 1944, remembering that I had the opportunity of photographing a number of frogs during the actual mating, when the small pond appeared to be almost full of their jelly-like eggs.

I am enclosing one of these photographs showing some of the frogs with the surrounding masses of eggs, and the date it was taken was March 26.

Considering that last Spring was very cold and wet, and this year we had many weeks of exceptionally mild weather after the cold snap in January, it does not seem very remarkable that the frogs should be about their mating a week or two earlier.

There were many signs of earlier activity in the countryside this year. The lambing season appeared to be two or three weeks earlier in this district, and the larks were observed in full song as early as February 4.

These several facts seem to point to an earlier awakening of Spring this year which may be partly due to the mildness of the early season.—E. E. STEELE, Fiskerton, Lincoln.

ANOTHER SANCTUARY CHAIR

SIR,—Reference has been made in your Correspondence columns to the frith stools or sanctuary chairs at Beverley Minster and Hexham Priory. I believe there are only three of these in existence, and I am enclosing a photograph of the remaining one

at Sprotborough, near Doncaster. This is assigned to the Decorated period of the fourteenth century on account of the carved blind tracery on the side. The Atlas-like figure under the seat may be earlier and dating back to Anglo-Saxon times. In comparing the three, the Beverley stool is quite plain, the Hexham one has lines of tooling as shown in Mr. Wood's illustration, while the Sprotborough chair is much more elaborate in ornamentation.

Doubts have been cast upon its being a sanctuary chair, but we may decide in its favour, for Sprotborough with its ring of old stone crosses is analogous to Beverley marking the sanctuary bounds.—HARRY LEA, Sheffield, Yorkshire.

OUR LADY OF PITY

SIR,—Your illustration of the figure at Breadsall church recalls a very similar one, except that it is of wood, at Battlefield church, near Shrewsbury. No one seems to know its origin and it might perhaps date from the foundation of the church, forming a further memorial to those whom the building commemorates. It was erected by Henry IV after the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, and a college of eight canons was established to serve it. Later on it became a parish church and at the Dissolution the college was dissolved. The roof bears the shields of arms of the knights who fought there.—M. W., Hereford.

STAINLESS STEEL

SIR,—The lament of Major Jarvis, in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, that his stainless steel table knives would cut "nothing more resistant than the crumb of an under-baked loaf" has only just come to my notice. As he is probably still suffering from this disability I would like to relieve him of it by suggesting that his knives want no more than an occasional sharpening.

Why is it that stainless cutlery is so often subject to this unwarranted and illogical stigma? No cutler has

board" the cutler has, so it seems made a rod for his own back.

Have the detractors of stainless cutlery never heard of the surgeons' scalpels and hypodermic needles made of stainless steel? Surely the sharpness of these articles should be enough to refute the calumny.—CUTLER, London, N.10.

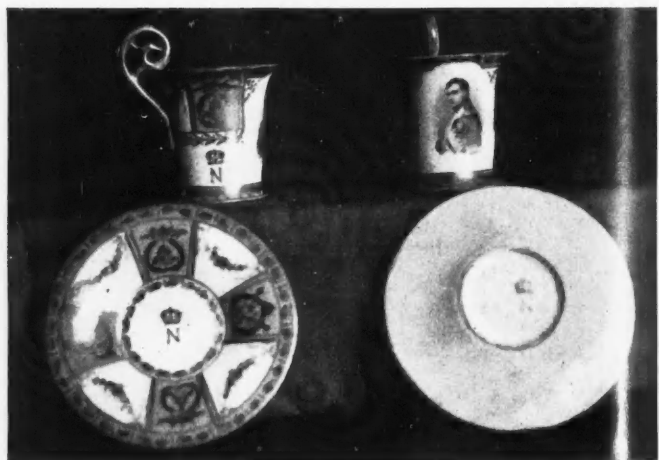


A WOODEN STATUE FROM BATTLEFIELD CHURCH, NEAR SHREWSBURY

See letter: Our Lady of Pity

NAPOLEON CHINA

SIR,—Recently a well-known Cork (Ireland) solicitor, Mr. William Dorgan, died. He had been a life-long collector of pictures, glass, china, silver, brass, pewter, furniture, and the auction of his effects occupied three days. There was some keen competition for old Irish and English Georgian silver and



SEVRES CUPS WITH PORTRAITS OF NAPOLEON AND LE FEBVRE

See letter: Napoleon China

ever claimed to produce knives that do not need sharpening—the claim is that they do not rust or stain.

Why, if stainless knives are not to be sharpened, does Sheffield bother to put a sharpening steel or other sharpening gadget in every canteen of cutlery?

Every time meat is cut on a plate, the edge of the knife, be it stainless or "ordinary" steel, is blunted by rubbing against the glazed surface. The old "ordinary" steel knife used to be sharpened by the subsequent rubbing on the knife board. Major Jarvis himself mentions this. It does not appear to have occurred to him that the stainless steel knife must, in all fairness, receive some substitute for this treatment. By saving the housewife the drudgery of "knife

for Waterford and Cork glass. The surprise lot was two Sevres coffee cups of the Napoleonic period. One bore a picture of Napoleon I and the other of Marshal Le Febvre. They attracted moderate competition, and were knocked down to a local bidder at £6 15s., which was then considered a good price. A day or two after an advertisement appeared in the local newspapers asking would the buyer sell one of the cups for £20. This developed a new interest, and there were offers for one of the saucers. The buyer opened negotiations with the original advertiser and a deal was concluded at £25 for the Le Febvre cup and saucer. The owner declined to part with the Napoleon cup. The photograph shows the two cup and saucers.—D. J. RYAN, Cork.



THE SPROTBOROUGH SANCTUARY CHAIR

See letter: Another Sanctuary Chair

if of a theoretical rather than practical nature.

It always seems odd to me that when our efforts to exterminate some allegedly destructive bird have been (usually in conjunction with changing conditions) nearly crowned with success, as in the case of the red kite for example, we relent, and, finding that after all the poor creature was not quite so black as it had been painted, we endeavour, rather late in

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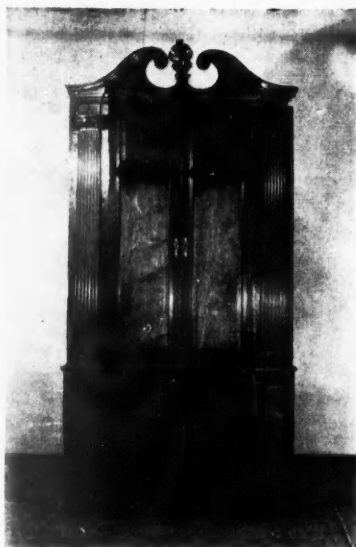
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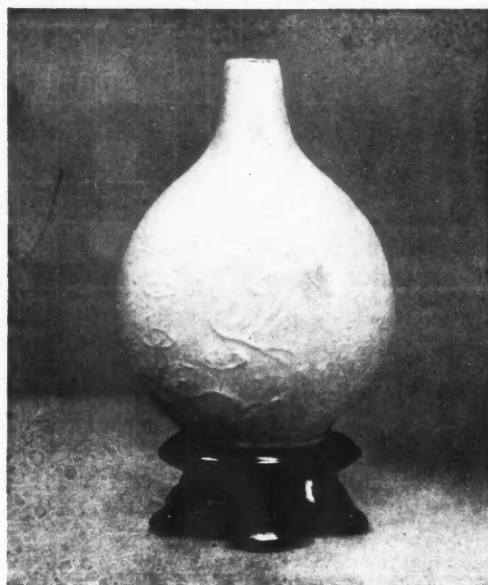
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FARMING NOTES

"LEND A HAND ON THE LAND"

LIKE the spirit of the Salisbury Auxiliary Land Corps. They boast that all of last year's main-crop potatoes within 20 miles of Salisbury were harvested in good time. This cannot be said of many districts. I saw old potatoes being lifted in one clay field in March while early potatoes were being planted in sandy soil only ten miles away. From the city of Salisbury last year 11,000 volunteers went out and they put in 90,000 hours. Policemen, shop assistants, factory workers, A.R.P. staff, holiday-makers and housewives all took a hand. In his broadcast on Easter Sunday Mr. Hudson called for a still bigger response to the "Lend a Hand on the Land" campaign this year. If every town could organise itself as well as Salisbury has done there would be fewer headaches for farmers who are again growing big acreages of potatoes and vegetables. Their regular staffs are overworked already and local volunteers who stick to the job, as the Salisbury men and women have done, are real friends in need—the nation's need, be it remembered, and not only the farmer's.

Fertiliser Delays

A DEVON farmer writes to complain about the delay in getting phosphate fertiliser delivered in his district. "I had to sow all my oats and barley without any phosphate. That was in the third week of March. Now the superphosphate has been delivered and we have top dressed the corn, but too late to get the full benefit. Why should this go wrong? Don't the fertiliser people know that we plant Spring corn in March and not in April?" Such delays are exasperating, I agree. But it cannot be mere ignorance on the part of those responsible. A fertiliser manufacturer whose view I sought told me that shipments were late; they have been struggling against labour shortage and lack of rail transport to get the fertiliser away from the works. He regrets the delay as much as anyone because it is bad for business as well as reducing the benefit of fertiliser in producing full crops.

Pig-breeding Declining

THE local auctioneer who handles fat stock at the Ministry of Food's collecting centre tells me that the numbers of sows sent for slaughter since Christmas is abnormally large. It seems that everyone in the district is going out of pig breeding. I can quite understand this. Some of us did start up again a year ago when the Americans were with us and there was plenty of swill for fattening pigs. Soon after D-Day this useful source of pig food dried up and we were left with merely the official rations for farrowing sows and the very meagre allowance for fattening pigs based on a fraction of the numbers on the farm in 1939. For me, and I imagine for a good many others, this meant cutting down the pig unit to such minor proportions that it seemed better to go out of pigs altogether. We still have one pig that is fattening for our own household consumption, but otherwise they have all gone.

The Smallholder's Pigs

I AM sure it is desirable that the smallholder should keep a breeding sow or two which he can look after himself. But on the larger farm pigs are liable to be a nuisance unless they are someone's special job. A definite pig unit with, say, 20 sows and their progeny feeding on to bacon weights makes a worth-while job for a good man. But if only a few pigs are kept

and their care is an odd-time job for someone who already has plenty to do, the undertaking is not usually a satisfactory one. It is a great pity that all these sows have been slaughtered. We are short of butcher's meat and so is the whole world. If these sows had been kept and bred from we should have had a useful supplement to the meat ration. One day soon we shall have to start rebuilding our pig stocks.

Towns and Farm Sunday

FARM SUNDAY is to be observed this year, as last year, on Rogation Sunday, which is May 6. This is the occasion when special prayers are offered in the churches for the crops and it is a convenient opportunity to remind everyone of the human endeavours which are needed to keep our land fully productive and to raise and save big harvests. Landowners, farmers, farm-workers and their families should turn out to church in strength on Farm Sunday. Two years ago the occasion was marked with processions and parades of the Home Guard, the Fire Services and public notabilities. These were held in many of the county towns and the Minister of Agriculture made a broadcast. This year the observance will be more local and domestic and all the better for that.

In the country we are interested in the crops in our own parishes and if we come together at the parish church on this Sunday we should go forward refreshed to face the labours of the Summer. I hope too that Rogation Sunday will be given a special flavour in the towns. The outcome of this year's harvest in these Islands will govern everyone's rations next Winter. Town churches do observe harvest thanksgiving. It will be just as appropriate for them to make an occasion of Farm Sunday. What is done or left undone between the beginning of May and the end of September will make or mar the harvest. I am not suggesting that clergymen should call for harvest volunteers from the pulpit, but it will do no harm to remind the people that a full harvest is their concern and that everything cannot be left to the Almighty.

Grain Drying

IN this country more combine harvesting means more grain-drying facilities. The Ministry of Food has put up a few large grain stores with drying equipment: some millers also have them. This is a service which must be developed, because if we are to continue growing wheat in this country we shall need to harvest it economically and that means combine harvesters. I should like to see farmer co-operative societies tackling this business. We should not play entirely into the hands of the Ministry of Food who will probably hand over their drying plants to the milling companies after the war. Our friends the millers work closely with the cereals side of the Ministry. In allocating a new combine harvester, the War Agricultural Committees have to satisfy themselves that "the applicant has, or is about to install, drying facilities or will have reasonable access to other drying facilities that are not already fully taken up." If this rule is observed strictly, I will debar a good many farmers who should have a combine from getting one. They might be able to put up a drying plant on their own account, but several of those who have gone carefully into the question have come to the conclusion that small-scale drying is not really a job for the farmer.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A SIDE-LIGHT ON BUSINESS

MAKING every allowance for the fact that what are comprehensively called estate duties are levied on much besides real property, the figures of the national revenue do to some extent indicate the volume of land and buildings subject to those burdens. In the year ended March 31 last, £110,888,000 was collected as estate duty, an increase of £11,422,000 on the previous year.

TEMPORARY LOSS OF INCOME

The income from Crown lands, at £980,000, was just £80,000 less than in 1944, when it amounted to £1,060,000. Part of this decrease is unquestionably attributable to the effect of enemy action in London and elsewhere, and the consequent loss of rental from damaged or destroyed premises. It may be pointed out, however, that if the figures reveal the full extent of such losses, they are less than might have been expected from a study of the quarterly returns. If the aggregate rental value of privately owned real property were ascertainable it can hardly be doubted that the proportion of loss in 1944-45 would be much greater than that stated in the case of Crown lands. In the case of London the continuing loss of income owing to war damage is a matter of grave concern to some of the City companies as well as to individual owners.

WAR-DAMAGED PROPERTY

THE War Damage Act, 1943, made a commendable attempt to grapple with the problem of providing funds for defraying the cost of making good the losses suffered by enemy action. It was not to be expected that all the contingencies would be foreseen, and perhaps even the magnitude of the liabilities to be met was hardly realised. The Act entitled an owner of totally destroyed premises to compensation on the basis of the value of the premises as on March 31, 1939. Supposing the owner to have no intention to rebuild the premises, he receives payment computed on the 1939 estimated value. It is common knowledge that the 1939 basis imports a fundamental disadvantage, inasmuch as in 1939 the shadow of war was already depressing property, and as that was not a time when a vendor with a free hand would have wished to put his property into the market. The real difficulty under the War Damage Act, however, arises in the case of an owner who wants to rebuild his premises. He will get what is called a value payment, not a cost of works payment, and as surely as he gets it he will find it impossible to rebuild premises equal to those he had in 1939, even supposing something extra is granted under one section of the Act. Property owners are urging that, to enable an owner to rebuild in an adequate manner, he should be enabled to borrow the additional money from the State for a fixed period of years. Only thus, owners submit, will satisfactory rebuilding be possible, seeing how costs have risen.

AN EAST KENT PRIORY

THE late Lord Justice Luxmoore's East Kent property, Bilsington Priory, comes into the market within a few years of his having purchased it. The house is modern, in ample grounds, close to the restored remnant of the 13th century Priory. The appurtenant agricultural land and woodlands extend to 700 acres, and the model farm buildings are among the finest in the whole country. Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons,

with Captain Wyndham Green, the resident agent, are to conduct the disposal of the estate. From the house, looking across Romney Marsh, there is a beautiful view of the sea. The Priory is five miles from Ashford, and but a few minutes' journey by car from the London-Folkestone arterial road.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES IN 1714

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU lived for some time at Middlethorpe Hall, near York, which has just been sold by Colonel Stobart to Sir Francis Terry. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff effected the sale. In one of her letters dated July, 1714, written, so she said, on the only scrap of writing paper in the house, she complains that "the house is in great disorder, and I want maids so much that I know not what to do until I have some." Inability to find a cook was deplored in the same letter.

BRISTOL ESTATE

ALMONDSBURY HILL estate, on the outskirts of Bristol, is of 288 acres, abutting on the Bristol-Gloucester road. A couple of farms and a market garden ensure the receipt of substantial rents pending that building development which seems probable in due course, because of the proximity of the land to Bristol, and the Severn Valley views. The joint agents, Messrs. Bidwell and Sons and Messrs. Ford, Howes and Williams, propose to deal with the property in 21 lots, or, if a private offer is made before auction, as a whole.

COMPULSORY SHARING OF HOUSES

IN some London and suburban districts householders are receiving enquiries, which though official are so far somewhat informal, as to how many persons occupy their houses. To most people such enquiries are rather disturbing, and point to a further and unwelcome infringement of the time-honoured principle "An Englishman's house is his castle." Nearly every house affording a reasonable degree of comfort and convenience has a room or two that is not in use, at least in a manner likely to convince minor and more or less amateur official seekers after housing space. What is apparently, to an outsider, an empty and unused room or floor may be of the utmost utility as a spare room for an occasional guest, or in case of illness, or, in fact, for a thousand and one purposes. During or just after the drastic air raids in the last four years most people were glad to give shelter to those who had been deprived of their homes. Happily that particular urgency seems to be done with at last, and, soon it may be hoped, hundreds of thousands of refugee aliens will be repatriated. In that way a vast amount of house-room will be available. If the mode of use of houses in normal use is to be challenged a logical step might be to compel occupiers to state whether residence in London is essential for business reasons. A test on those lines would reveal that there is a vast number of residents who could be just as conveniently housed anywhere in the kingdom, and that many of them are lavishly provided with large houses containing many unused rooms. In pointing out this fact a critic must not be assumed to concede one iota of any real right to make such investigations or to introduce strangers to occupy so-called surplus accommodation. The true and ultimate remedy for the lack of house-room is to provide more dwellings.

ARBITER.



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NEW BOOKS

A CHILD'S-EYE VIEW

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

SIR OSBERT SITWELL proposes to write four volumes about the Sitwell family, and the first of these is published by Macmillan under the title *Left Hand, Right Hand* (15s.). Palmists believe, Sir Osbert explains, that "the lines of the left hand are incised inalterably at birth, while those of

the rest of the year at Scarborough, and it will be plain to anyone who reads these pages that this division of life into the rural and marine-urban was of importance in the development of the child's personality.

In this first volume, parents and other adult relatives have the properties and proportions of fairies,

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND. By Sir Osbert Sitwell (Macmillan, 15s.)

THE SUN IN THE SANDS. By Henry Williamson (Faber, 8s. 6d.)

TIME MUST HAVE A STOP. By Aldous Huxley (Chatto and Windus, 9s. 6d.)

the right hand are modified by our actions and environment, the life we lead," and as his long work will deal with hereditary as well as contemporary influences, he has embodied this notion in his title, without accepting "the childish boundaries of chiromancy."

FROM JOHN O' GAUNT

I do not propose here to set down the remoter ramifications of the Sitwell ancestry. Suffice it to say that it is awe-inspiring, as this one extract shows. "The other link resides in the fact that Katherine Swynford, our ancestress, was the sister of Philippa, Chaucer's wife. They were the daughters of Payne Roulet or Roet, whom some authorities hold to have been a Herald, seeing in "Payne" a corruption of *Paon* or Peacock. Chaucer himself was in the household of John of Gaunt, whose marriage to Katherine was legitimated by Act of Parliament on the condition that their descendants should not occupy the throne. From them, however, was descended, it is said, every monarch who reigned in Europe in 1914, except the King of Spain. Moreover, the Tudor claim to the throne of England was based expressly on this ancestry."

Most readers of the book, I think, will be more interested in the contemporary, right-hand, aspect, in those matters which the author participated in, and those persons whom he observed. It is on record that bells rocked the steeples of Scarborough on the occasion of his birth and that he was born "healthy, lively, compact and plump—also pretty."

The bell-ringing, Sir Osbert admits, had nothing to do with infant merit or virtue; it took place because his father was member for Scarborough—a fact which was to have a considerable influence on the child's life. The family home was Renishaw, a great country house in Derbyshire, apocalyptically drawn for this volume in a number of pictures by Mr. John Piper; and one imagines, from what one reads of him here, that Sir Osbert's father, a recluse with a grandiose taste in the manipulation of landscape, would have contented himself with Renishaw and the indulgence of his fantasy, had he not been member for Scarborough.

As it was, Sir Osbert and his brother and sister for the most part spent their Summers at Renishaw and

ogres and other beings that do not fully belong to the comradeship of daily life. A mother is something that comes in smelling of musk to say good-night; a father is a Presence to which one may be summoned either for admonition or for praise. For human companionship in the true sense of the word there are the servants. Some of the happiest of Sir Osbert's pages are those which reproduce for us this relationship between himself and the servants of the family.

"Parents were aware," he writes, "that the child would be a nuisance, and a whole hedge of servants, in addition to the complex guardianship of nursery and schoolroom, was necessary, not so much to aid the infant as to screen him off from his father and mother, except on such occasions as he could be used by them as adjunct, toy or decoration. Thus, in a subtle way, children and servants often found themselves in league against grown-ups and employers."

PANTRY WISDOM

He shows us how this state of affairs worked out in practice, and especially pleasing is the record of his alliance with Henry Moat, a pantryman, who later became and remained for many years the Sitwell butler: a person of individuality and independence, ever ready to hold his own against his "betters." Sir Osbert says: "Certainly I learnt more, far more, from talking to Henry and Pare in the pantry, from their instinctive wisdom and humour, than from more academic sources"; and he quotes from a letter which Henry wrote to him in 1938 recalling old days and how "if you or Master Sachie wanted to know anything about things on the earth, the sea, under the earth or in the air above, you generally came to me, even when you had a tutor, and often the tutors came too."

Certainly Henry appears to have been an anchor into solid earth, preventing too much drag and wash.

When this first volume ends, the author is still a child; and it is a merit of the book that we feel, on the whole, that the observation has been a child's, instinctive, not "touched up" by the emotions and thoughts of later age. Near in time as the social atmosphere is, it is, through the catastrophic rush of events, removed from that of to-day as effectually as though we were looking across a gulf of centuries. It

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A NEW WAY OF LIFE, by Michael Matthews (6d. by post 7d.), is an excellent introduction to the work of Alexander.

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is a good thing that one who knew it through the most intimate habits of living should not only have resolved to record it but should be completely equipped to do so. When the whole work is before us, it should have great value to the social historian as well as to the lover of humane letters.

COMMENCING AUTHOR

Mr. Henry Williamson's *The Sun in the Sands* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is the story of his own life from the close of the last war up to 1924. He wrote it in 1934 in America, and an American publisher thought it "dated." So it was put away till now.

Williamson describes it as "the story of a young man from the war, aspiring to the vision of a new world and seeking clarity beyond the confusions of human emotions." We begin with the young man leaving home and going down to Devon to write. He is convinced that he holds the keys of truth. "Nobody understood: only one man in the world realised the utter falseness of everything." That man was himself, and he was not held back by diffidence. His first book had been accepted by a publisher, and any chance encounter on his journey into Devon was used to introduce himself not merely as an author but as an author who was going to matter. "Before he left I had taken his name and address and had promised to send him an inscribed copy of the first edition of my novel, which, I insisted, would become in time valuable." This was too casual wayfarer who picked him up after a bicycle spill. "I talked about the surety of my future fame for over half an hour." This was to a restaurant keeper from whom he had bought a meal.

We accompany Mr. Williamson into Devon, remain with him while he writes a book or two there, go up to town now and then to attend literary parties—those most dreary of functions—with an enthusiasm which no doubt time has cured; visit friends here and there about the country; and end up with a pretentious clutch of young literary "hearties" being noisy in the Pyrenees.

I thought it a naive production, interesting only because it shows from what a crude chrysalis Mr. Williamson emerged to be the good writer he is.

FLESH AND SPIRIT

"The only hope for the world of time lies in being constantly drenched by that which lies beyond time." "The divine Ground is a timeless reality. Seek it first, and all the rest—everything from an adequate interpretation of life to a release from compulsory self-destruction—will be added." We may call these two sentences from Mr. Aldous Huxley's novel *Time Must Have a Stop* (Chatto and Windus, 9s. 6d.) the text upon which he bases his sermon.

Mr. Huxley's "line" in these days is what is called "non-attachment." The exponent of non-attachment in the novel is Bruno Rontini; and Bruno, talking to Sebastian Barnack, the young poet-hero, who is, naturally, much addicted to words, reminds him: "The Gospel of Poetry. 'In the beginning were the words, and the words were with God, and the words were God.' Here endeth the first, last, and only lesson." But, as I see it, Bruno was wrong about that, for the lesson did not end there. It went on: "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us." We have to reckon with the flesh as well as the word: the supreme task before mankind is not

to have spirit non-attached to flesh but to discover the means by which this indissoluble pair may reside in the right proportions.

It is Mr. Huxley's loathing of the flesh and all its ways that has driven him to "non-attachment" to the things of the flesh. He fears the flesh with a fear like that of a child for the dark: a fear that populates the dark with monsters of its own creation. In this book, as in so many by Mr. Huxley, "the flesh" is portrayed for us with all the smacking indecencies that some of the Flemish painters piled up for the confusion of St. Anthony. Under the fairest appearance lurks corruption. The beautiful Mrs. Thwale, whom Sebastian meets at his uncle's palace in Florence, not only seduces him but makes him reflect that they had been like "twin cannibals in Bedlam. The phrase came to him as he was examining the red and livid marks of teeth on his arm."

SWIFT'S ATTITUDE

It is this perversion of "the flesh" that Mr. Huxley ponders upon like a night-haunted child, and it is this perversion that he represents unceasingly as the normal and calls upon us to flee from, as though all flesh were cancer and every verdant hill a scorching volcano. Mr. Huxley's is the attitude of Swift: there seems to be a biological inhibition in him which causes him to deny one half of the validity of human nature. His plea that we should be "constantly drenched by that which lies beyond time" was never more necessary than it is to-day; but a rose which is drenched each morning by the dew is a rose none the less, subject to time's vicissitudes even as we are. To turn upon it with morose savagery because occasionally a rose has a worm at its heart, to tell it to be "non-attached" to stem and root and earth: well, this is to forget that a rose is beauty made flesh, even as in men the word is made flesh, with all the consequences of that incarnation.

TOMATOES AND CUCUMBERS

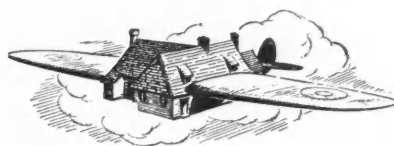
BOOKS which emanate from research stations are usually so highly technical that their value is limited to persons who already know a good deal about the subject. In one recently published, *Tomato and Cucumber Culture* (Collingridge, 5s.), by A. A. Richards, the opposite is the case, for though the author has been carrying out the cultural side of the experiments at the Cheshunt Research Station, he offers readers all the knowledge which his unique position has allowed him to acquire, in a very simple and practical manner.

The book is written primarily for the amateur, but the author does not lose sight of the fact that the facilities in most gardens are limited; thus he does not suggest the impossible. The tomato is temperamental and is ready to fall into trouble easily, so the author suggests to the reader that he must anticipate trouble and then avoid it by at least making a clean start.

Soil preparation is so important that a good deal is told about simple sterilisation, aeration, drainage and moisture content as a preliminary to planting, while the whole detailed culture from the sowing of the seed to the picking of the fruit is given in simple and instructive language—always with the ring of authority.

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This is the story of the column which the author led in the late General Wingate's expedition into Burma behind the Japanese lines in the early months of 1943 April 26 10s. 6d.

COLLINS



• *Breton sailor*



• *High-crowned*

GAIETY reigns among the milliners. The straws for this Summer are brightly coloured, trimmed with flowers, exuberant feathers and ribbons. Crowns are larger, often domed, brims wider, the line altered. Nothing could look more different from the shallow sailors tipped well forward with a roll of hair on the nape of the neck that we have been used to for so long. These new hats lie flat against the head at the back or perch four-square on top. The bonnet-shaped hats and turbans, the

for Victory

• *Breton sailor*

in shining black chip straw with an aquamarine shirt box-pleated in front and fastening down the back. Miss Lucy

• *High-crowned*

navy crochet straw with mushroom brim and striped ribbon. Strassner

• *Beret*

in plaited navy straw with a headband and curled white feathers. Erik



• *Beret*

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
DERMOT
CONOLLY

high toques and caps, and mushroom brims require the hair swept up at the back or neat and short and swept across. A mane of hair, or even a page-boy roll, spoils the line completely. Tams and berets can be worn equally with an upswept *coiffure* or with a small roll on the nape of the neck, but they are about the only hat styles for this Summer that can.

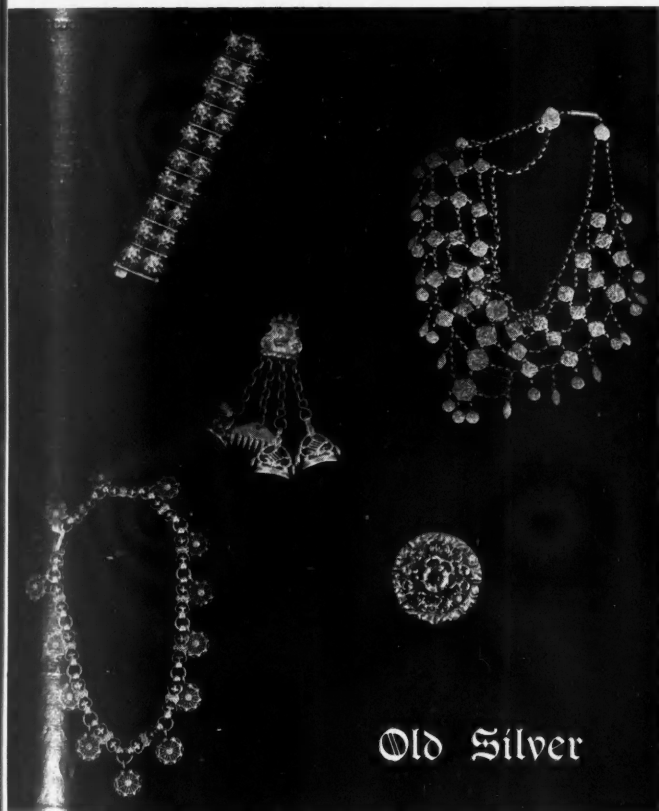
The hats are definitely becoming. They look much heavier than the sailors we have become accustomed to and the coarse chip and crochet straws in which they are made give an important look to brims that are actually quite small. Some smallish bonnets with oval, dented crowns in soft coarse chip straw are very fetching in cyclamen or ice blue with the brims rolled up each side and neat bands of black corded ribbon. So are bonnets that lie flat against the back of the head rising to an arch over the brow. These bonnets are enchanting made in straw, tulle, and trimmed with ribbons and flowers, worn with plain tailored coats or dresses with deep rounded yokes. Some, in ribbon, have the back hair left uncovered, the arch of the brim being held on by a circle of ribbon crossing over at the back. They are afternoon and evening hats, smart with prints or dark dinner dresses and suits and require a smooth flat head of hair with nothing whatsoever protruding below the ribbon

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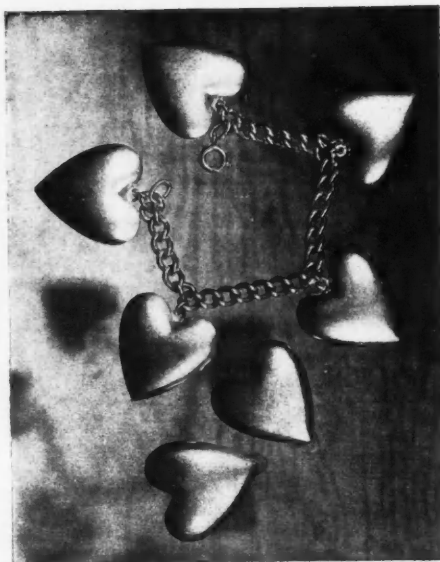
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circlets. And the demure mushroom brims tend to hide all the hair.

The fullest skirts for years are shown on coats and Summer dresses in the Hartnell and Strassner collections. Mr. Hartnell makes an oyster-colour tweed coat, as full in front as it can well be with the godets springing out from a neat little waist. The armholes of the coat are big and there is a turndown collar which can be worn open as well. The back is comparatively plain with darts keeping it snug at the waist. The material has a herring-bone pattern in the weave, is a soft, light tweed and the swinging hemline is very dashing.

STRASSNER shows some charming jumper suits in suiting with soft dressmaker jackets over them, both with three-quarter sleeves. Waists are well nipped in and the skirt of the dress flared with lemon yellow inlet on the square yoke. A very full skirt is shown on a charming print which has pleated godets in front set closely together and a plain back cut on the cross. The small sleeves are draped and the soft folded bodice ties under the chin. This dress is in jade green crêpe-de-chine polka-dotted in white, and the skirt is nearly as full as as that of a skirt dancer of the Maud Allan period. A long printed crêpe dinner dress has a skirt flared in front to fall in gently flowing lines. The print is lovely, large black and white blossoms, foliage and lemons, climbing all over a white ground. The dress has tiny sleeves and a deep draped waistband in front that fits it closely to the figure. Strassner, as always, shows an elegant black town suit, one of those deceptive suits that look absolutely plain, but are actually full of subtle geometric seaming and inlet bands. These sections can be



Heart clips and chain bracelet in gold metal. Ships

worked in either grosgrain or the heavy black satin such as men use for the revers of their dress clothes with the main part of the suit in black face-cloth, or in two kinds of black woollen material; a satin-smooth surface with a rougher.

Charming blouses are shown with all the Summer suits. They were pretty last year but look even fresher and more feminine this season. The tailor-mades in men's smooth suitings have shirts with long sleeves and link cuffs like a man's showing 1/4 inch below. These are made in striped cotton shirtings with turndown, stiffened collars, or in chalk-white rayons, some plain, others with a narrow rib like a twill or piqué. They are very smart with their box-pleated fronts below a shallow yoke, or with the yoke pin-tucked and the rest plain, a style that is also shown in fine white and pastel lisse or in rayons as fine as a chiffon. Blouses in heavier moss-crêpes can look very chic with a back fastening and a box-pleated front, or the front may be serrated down each side of a broad central box pleat. Miss Lucy is making these back-fastening shirts in pale turquoise blue, in peart grey, in chalk-white, in heavy pure silk Shantung, in crêpes of a canvas weave or with a pebble surface. Pure silk shirts at Fortnum's have short sleeves, narrow neck bands and a bow tie.

At Ships's they are making shirts from the squares printed with Topolski drawings—cyclamen and orchid with black and salmon pink and gold with sepia. Sleeves are plain and the etched pattern is used for the front. The blouses are most effective.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

POEMS

JACK GILBEY

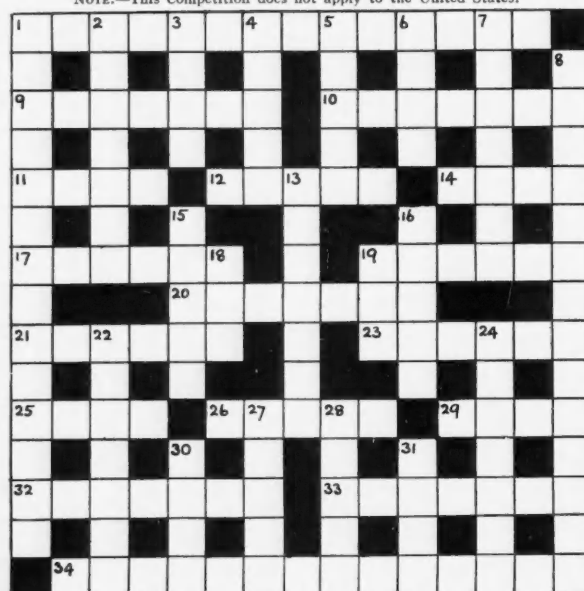
THE CATHOLIC POET

BURNS OATES

CROSSWORD No. 795

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 795, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, April 26, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

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SOLUTION TO No. 794. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 13, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Back benchers; 9, Extricate; 10, Fence; 11, Stride; 12, Waitress; 13, Dapper; 15, Acid test; 18, Pressman; 19, Snap up; 21, Upstarts; 23, Tether; 26, Ennui; 27, Christmas; 28, Supernatural.
DOWN.—1, Blessed; 2, Cater; 3, Blindness; 4, Near; 5, Hierarchy; 6, Refit; 7, Deep set; 8, Kneedeep; 14, Pleasant; 16, Dinner set; 17, Particle; 18, Prudent; 20, Parasol; 22, Adieu; 24, Homer; 25, Bran.

ACROSS.

1. Part of the silver setting for this precious stone (7, 7)
9. Vehicle with nothing on (7)
10. Place in which to keep a watch (7)
11. A deadly sin that is the fashion (4)
12. A rule of cricket? (5)
14. Breeze (4)
17. Try, daw, to be showy (6)
19. Tents in a ship (6)
20. At this pace a harrier would be no hurrier (7)
21. If you were to put your foot in it you might be in the soup (6)
23. Red don, about turn! (6)
25. Junior thought it was a sight of land (4)
26. A hundred and the remainder make the summit (5)
29. Motorists' airy support for revolutions (4)
32. A murder in a new way (7)
33. "The winds of heaven mix for ever With a sweet —." —Shelley (7)
34. Somersaults in the orchard? (5, 9)

DOWN.

1. Senior wranglers in politics (5, 9)
2. City that produces low gags (7)
3. It may make a mouldy impression (4)
4. Near (5)
5. A game in both Alma and Sebastopol (5)
6. "Oh for a book and a shady —." —John Wilson (4)
7. Inescapable quality of the autobiography (7)
8. N.C.O.s with a baton in their knapsack? (14)
13. Discourse—in the headmaster's study, maybe (7)
15. Call to a meeting (5)
16. He works by playing (5)
18. That comes from a sally on the enemy (3)
19. One who can break the Fifth Commandment (3)
22. The farm-yard terrier's grip (3, 4)
24. No moonshine about this! (7)
27. The time-keeper returns (5)
28. Go wool-gathering (5)
30. Spoken in the midst of immorality (4)
31. Singular song (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 793 is

Mr. J. Heneage,
2, The Grove, Uplands,
Swansea.